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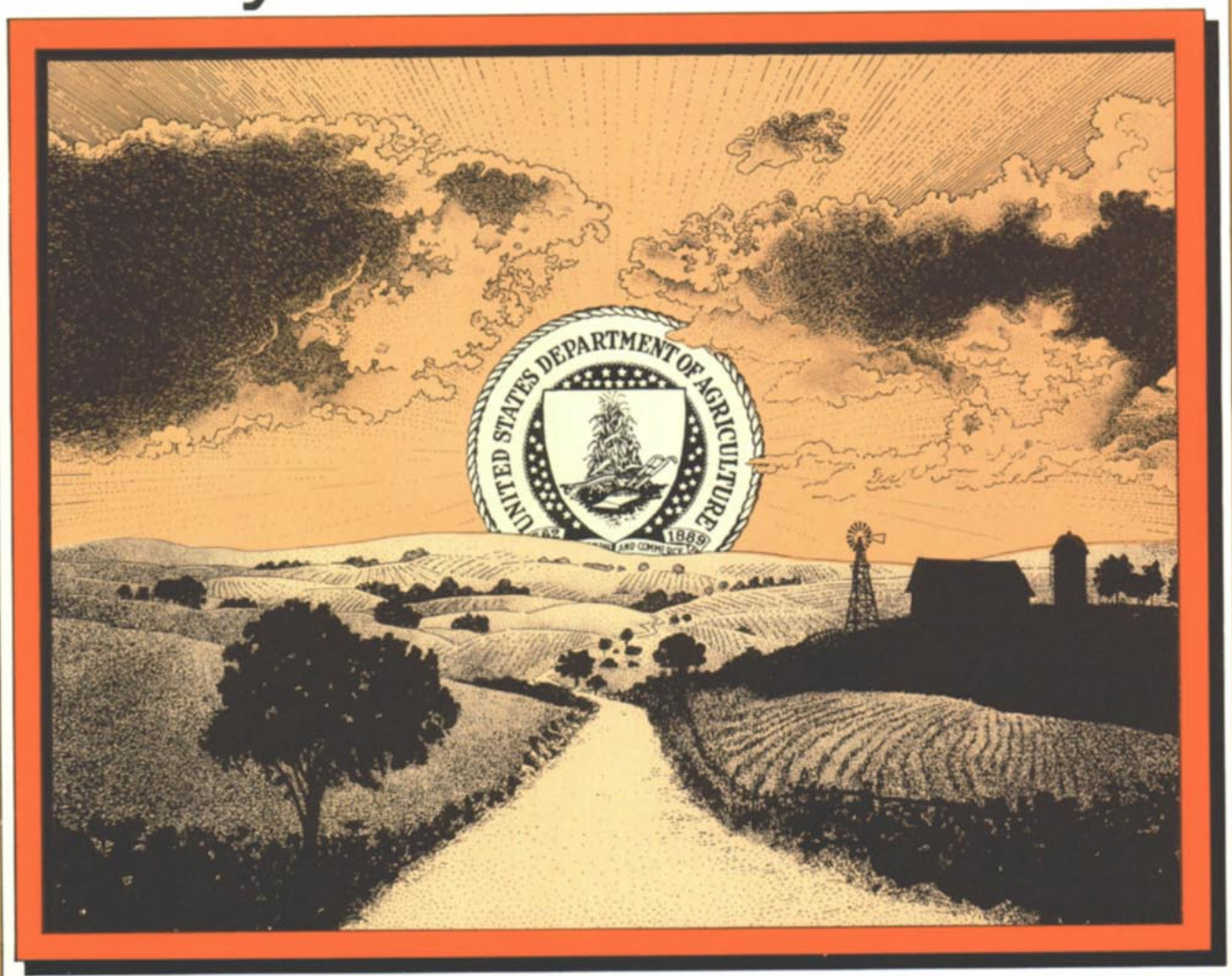
Nat Hentoff: *A Bruising for* Cruising

Phil Stanford: *The Quiet War on Cults*

THE REAL GRAIN ROBBERY

By MICHAEL McMENAMIN



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While The News Media Watch The World

Who Watches The News Media?

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OCTOBER 15, 1979

The Real Grain Robbery

MICHAEL MCMENAMIN **p. 17**

Wheat prices are high, farmers are smiling, and Bob Bergland is no longer being hung in effigy. But consumers and taxpayers are still being fleeced by the USDA.

Who Killed John Paisley?

JEFF GOLDBERG **p. 11**

The violent death of the former CIA analyst is the mystery story of the decade, raising new questions about Soviet defector Yuri Nosenko and the possibility of a "mole" within the CIA.

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Stephen Harvey reviews *Apocalypse Now*, directed by Francis Coppola.

Cover illustration by WARD SCHUMAKER

A WORD FROM THE PUBLISHER

IT WAS POINTED OUT BY a reader in a recent letter to the editor that Secretary of HEW Joseph Califano was summarily dispatched from his cabinet post just days following our publication of Nick von Hoffman's illuminating article on him (July 9 & 23, 1979). This is heady stuff for a magazine not yet two years old, even if one were to acknowledge that Califano's departure occurred during Carter's Great Purge. It is, therefore, with our editorial fingers crossed that we hopefully offer in this issue Mike McMenamin's piece on Secretary of Agriculture Bob Bergland. If you are not yet a loyal reader of *INQUIRY*'s film critic, Stephen Harvey, his review of Francis Coppola's *Apocalypse Now* is guaranteed to make you one. Mr Harvey's lucid and intelligent reviews have graced our pages since Vol. 1, No. 1.

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Bay of pigs

■ Mayor Frank Rizzo says crime has forced a buildup in the Philadelphia police department to the point that it now has enough equipment to invade Cuba and win a war there.

"When I became police commissioner, we had six shotguns on the force," he said. . . . "Now, we're equipped to fight wars: we can invade Cuba and win."

—Washington Post, Aug. 21, 1979

Or else

■ Iran's Minister of Information and National Guidance, Nasser Minachi, said today that foreign publications whose correspondents had been expelled from Iran were free to send replacements. But he said all journalists coming to Iran for the first time would have to swear to write the truth.

—New York Times, Sept. 4, 1979

Give that dog a biscuit anyway

■ A federal judge has ruled that school administrators may use trained dogs to sniff out drugs in schools. However, U.S. District Court Judge Allen Sharp said that a female student's constitutional rights against illegal search and seizure were violated when she was forced to strip after a dog indicated she might have marijuana in her possession.

More evidence than a dog's alert nose would be needed to justify a nude search, he said.

—Washington Post, Sept. 1, 1979

He's been giving lessons to the Ayatollah

■ Soviet censors at the Moscow Book Fair confiscated more books deemed ideologically dangerous today, while the country's top publishing official declared that to do so is "the highest affirmation of freedom of speech." . . .

[Boris] Stukalin, a full member of the Communist Party Central Committee, asserted: "This is the highest affirmation of freedom of speech since freedom to propagandize fascism is the kind of freedom that all honest people in our country and in other countries must oppose."

—Washington Post, Sept. 4, 1979

Oh, shut up

■ Conservative oilman Eddie Chiles, who has spent thousands of dollars to advertise his complaints against big government, said Wednesday there was no contradiction between his stands and his company obtaining $115 million in federally guaranteed loans. . . .

"I really saw nothing in regards to that which is philosophically opposed to my philosophy," Chiles said. "I never really thought of this as doing business with the federal government because it doesn't cost the taxpayers anything. . . . Quite frankly, we started doing business several years ago before I got so mad at the government."

—Houston Post, Aug. 9, 1979

Tell us something we didn't know

■ The nation's top military officer said yesterday that the armed services could easily spend whatever extra billions Congress might provide.

—Washington Post, Aug. 10, 1979

They got the Pentagon's check

■ [Lubbock, Texas,] city officials got a blank check from Uncle Sam this week—and they were tempted to use it.

A check designated for Community Development arrived on schedule from Washington Tuesday, but no amount was filled in. It should have been made out for $43,000. City officials immediately recognized their carte blanche potential and seized the opportunity for a bit of tongue-in-cheek humor—suggesting a salary boost for firefighters or financing of a $109 million water project. . . .

The federal government, meanwhile, has taken a stern view of the affair and advised city officials that the $43,000 will be withheld until the check is returned.

—Washington Post, Sept. 6, 1979

But not on DC-10s

■ Federal Aviation Administrator Langhorne Bond has issued a personal edict to his high level political appointees: if you like your job and want to keep it, you'd better learn how to fly an airplane. "It's no joke," an FAA official said. "He's very serious about it."

At a staff meeting, Bond announced that he was giving a dinner party for [Roland Eckert, the Administrator's special counsel] on Oct. 27 to celebrate one of two things—"either his pilot's license or his retirement from government."

—Los Angeles Times, Sept. 8, 1979

And to take flying lessons

■ U.S. District Court Judge Albert V. Bryan Jr. sharply criticized the Federal Aviation Administration yesterday for a three-year delay in producing an environmental impact statement on Washington National Airport.

"It is outrageous . . . what possible excuse can the government have for failing to produce an impact statement?" Bryan asked. . . .

Federal officials yesterday asked Bryan for five more weeks to prepare a timetable for their delivery of the impact statement.

—Washington Post, Sept. 8, 1979

It's classified "Ears Only"

■ On Monday, [Sept. 3] Robert Blackwell, an analyst with the Central Intelligence Agency, will deliver a speech at a meeting . . . of the American Political Science Assn. . . . But as far as the CIA is concerned Blackwell's public speech will be top secret for nearly three weeks after he delivers it.

Asked Friday for an advance copy of the address, entitled "After Brezhnev: Muddling Through the Succession," the CIA press office expressed its regrets. It explained that the agency's publications committee would not approve the speech until Sept. 20.

—Los Angeles Times, Sept. 1, 1979

Exclusive!

■ Former President Anastasio Somoza Debayle of Nicaragua today blamed President Carter for his overthrow. . . . Somoza, addressing reporters . . . , said his downfall . . . was the result of Mr. Carter's foreign policy.

"It occurred because President Carter handed over the management of the nation's international relations to the supporters of Senator McGovern."

—New York Times, Aug. 23, 1979

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Cuba again

How to make a crisis

MAKING A CRISIS IS EASY THESE days. Just mix a couple of thousand Soviet troops in Cuba, a few spy-satellite photographs, and some intelligence officials anxious to kill the SALT agreement. Then add a senator desperately fighting for reelection, the usual bevy of hawks spoiling for a scrap, and a weak and incompetent President. Combine all the ingredients and—presto!—you have a crisis. It's as simple as that.

It's hard to believe that there have been so many fierce words over the Soviet brigade stationed in Cuba, a contingent so small that it poses no military threat to the United States or any other nation in the hemisphere. But the mood in Washington these days is sullen and frustrated, and there's nothing like a showdown to put some pep and vigor back in public life. "It's a test," says Senator Frank Church—speaking about the Cuban controversy, not the test he faces back home in Idaho against Republican Stephen Symms, although that is plainly much on his mind these days. "The Russians deployed a combat brigade in Cuba, attempted to conceal its presence, but they knew the brigade would be discovered by us. They're testing our resolve." Church wants the Russian troops out. "We must decide where to draw the line against the deployment of Soviet combat troops. If not in Cuba, where would it be?"

Never one to be outdone when it comes to anti-Soviet hysteria, Senator Henry Jackson has gone Church one better. The Soviets are trying to turn Cuba into "a fortress-state capable of threatening the United States," says the Washington Democrat, with his usual fine sense of proportion. "The time for the United States to reaffirm its position on what Soviet behavior we will not tolerate in this hemisphere is now." As a beginning, Jackson demands, we must "insist on no less" than the removal of Soviet combat troops and high-performance ground-attack aircraft and an end to the Soviet policy of providing submarines to Cuba. If the Soviets don't comply, he warns, "It means that SALT is down the tubes."

If SALT does go down the tubes, Jackson won't shed a tear, and neither will the intelligence officials whose well-timed leaks created the crisis. The first public word of a Soviet brigade came on July 17, at the SALT hearings, when Senator Richard Stone, Florida Democrat, used information from a leaked National Security Agency report to question Defense Secretary Harold Brown about the Soviet troops. (Ironically, the NSA report, compiled from radio intercepts, was one product of an intensified intelligence surveillance of Cuba ordered last spring by Zbigniew Brzezinski, the President's national security adviser, when he was trying to find Castro's hand behind the revolution in Nicaragua. Were it not for Brzezinski's special fetish, the NSA evidence about the brigade, which goes back as far as 1975, would probably have remained buried in the files.) At Stone's insistence, the administration thereafter stepped up surveillance of Cuba to the highest level, and in August a spy satellite spotted the Soviet brigade on maneuvers a few miles from the Havana airport. But before the administration could decide what to do about this information, it was leaked to the press by intelligence sources, and the administration was forced to announce hurriedly, using Senator Church as a spokesman, that there were Soviet "combat troops" in Cuba. To the surprise of administration officials, however, Church combined the announcement with a demand that the troops be immediately withdrawn and a warning that SALT was in danger. The crisis was on.

What are Soviet troops doing in Cuba and how long have they been there? In its initial announcement, the administration failed to answer these questions, leaving senators free to spin bizarre tales of a Soviet strike force aimed at intimidating or invading nations in Central and South America. The facts, as usual, are a little less startling. It now appears that the Soviet "brigade," numbering 3,000 men, has been in Cuba at least since the early seventies—and perhaps since 1962. The Russians say the brigade is a remnant of the 22,000 troops there at the time of the Cuban missile crisis and withdrawn in 1963 and 1964.

Despite the wild imaginings of the senators, the Soviet troops, which have no air- or sea-lift capability, are not going to end up tomorrow in Miami Beach. Militarily, the controversy about the brigade is "a tempest in a teapot," says a high-level administration official. "This is no new threat to the United States. The USSR goes by the book when deploying forces, and this is the package set requirement for a unit sized to defend Soviet installations: artillery, armor and armored

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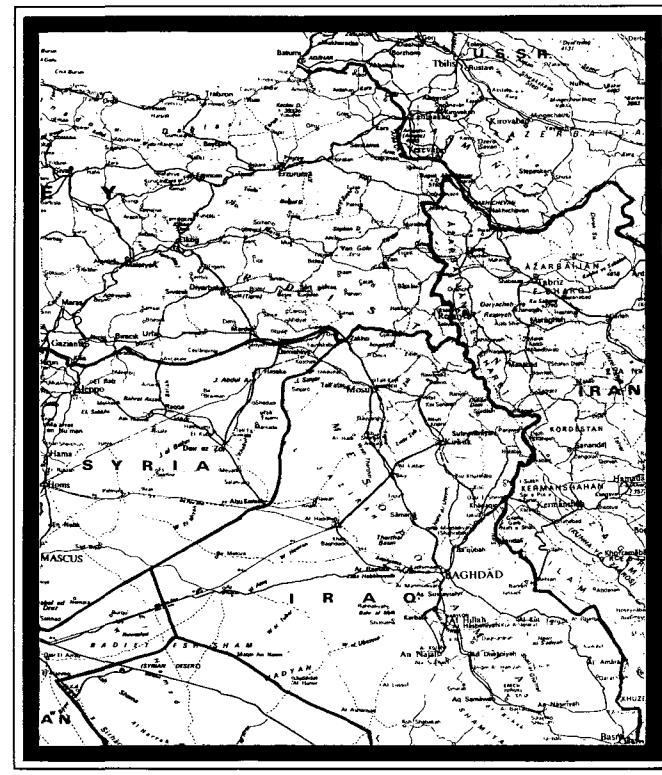
personnel carrier units along with air defense elements." One theory is that the brigade is designed to protect top-secret Soviet electronic listening posts or the new MIG-23 jets the Russians have delivered to Cuba. (The Soviets have ample reason to want to guard their installations: According to a former government official, in 1962, at the height of the missile crisis, Cuban troops seized one of the MRBM sites from the Soviets. Fortunately for us all, the United States did not learn this until a number of years later.) Another possibility is that the brigade, as the Russians insist, is a training force. The administration, which recklessly announced that the brigade was a "combat" unit, now concedes the possibility that the Soviets are telling the truth.

If this is the case, the administration will find itself in an embarrassing position. In the early days of the flap, when Senators Stone, Church, and Jackson were squawking loudest, Secretary of State Cyrus Vance declared, "I will not be satisfied with the maintenance of the status quo." But what if the status quo in Cuba turns out to be nothing more than a continuation of the Soviet policies of the last seventeen years, policies that do not contradict U.S.–Soviet agreements on the existence of offensive weapons in Cuba, policies to which the United States has never raised an objection? Will the administration still insist that the Russians remove their troops? Will the Russians back down, as they did in 1962? And what will Carter do if they refuse?

We just hope the President remembers that, as easy as it is to make a crisis these days, it's not much harder, once you have a crisis, to add some strong language and careless gestures and come up with a war. ❑

U.S. aid to Iran

The same old story



THE INDOMITABLE KURDISH PEOPLE have been in revolt since they were defeated by Cyrus the Great in 550 B.C. The Kurds are a mountain people with their own language and culture; they are spread over territory that straddles the borders of Syria, Turkey, Iraq, the Soviet Union, and Iran. In Iran, the scene of the latest Kurdish insurrection, the Kurds are racially similar to the Persians, but linguistically distinctive, and predominantly Sunni in a country that officially embraces the Shia sect of Islam. There are approximately 12 million Kurds in all, with about 4 million in northwestern Iran along the Iraqi frontier.

The Kurds were promised the right to self-determination in the 1920 Treaty of Sèvres, one of the treaty settlements that followed World War I. But three years later, in the Treaty of Lausanne, the promise was taken back, as the oil-hungry victors of the war abandoned all pretense of ideals like self-determination in favor of "protectorates" over or alliances with the newly emerging nation-states of the Middle East. The Kurds, who had once been able to survive in the interstices of the multinational Ottoman Empire, now faced forced assimilation at the hands of young nationalists. These nationalist rulers wanted central direction, undivided allegiance, and cultural homogeneity for their new countries. They were resolutely opposed to autonomy for the Kurds. In Turkey, the Kurds' schools were closed, their publications banned, and their leaders arrested and executed. The very word "Kurd" was outlawed. Similar though less severe efforts to denationalize the Kurds took place in Iran. In Iraq, where Kurds are proportionally the strongest—about a quarter of the country's population—the Kurds have fought their way through a series of triumphs and betrayals. There the Hashemite monarchy, various military radicals, and the Ba'athist party, each in turn, has come to power, promised the Kurds autonomy, broken the promise, and hence provoked a revival of the Kurdish struggle.

The Kurdish Democratic party, led by the Barzani clan, participated militarily in the short-lived Kurdish republic in Iran at the close of World War II. This republic was aided by Soviet military presence though it was not under Soviet tutelage. When the shah's troops retook control of northern Iran in 1946, the Kurdish forces fled over the border into the Soviet Union. Following the overthrow of the Hashemites in Iraq in 1958, the Kurdish Democratic party leaders returned from exile confirmed non-Communists. There they fought on their own until 1973, when international oil politics and the Arab-Israeli conflict made them an attractive client for aid from Israel, Iran, and the CIA. Then in 1975, Henry Kissinger personally patched up the differences between Iraq and Iran. Part of the deal was an end to Iran's role as a place of refuge for and channel of aid to the Kurds. The immediate consequence was military defeat for the Kurds; thousands died and tens of thousands became homeless refugees. Kissinger's remorseless response to questions about America's betrayal of the Kurds: "Covert action is not missionary work." This episode was cited widely—and apparently, optimistically—as, in the *Washington Post*'s words, "an example of the cynicism that a new Democratic administration would eschew." Yet once again the logic of an interventionist foreign policy is leading the

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United States into involvement in the Kurdish question.

The recent full-scale fighting in Kurdistan is largely the Ayatollah Khomeini's doing, as William Branigin of the *Washington Post* reported. After a brief flare-up in Kurdistan, the Ayatollah ordered a general mobilization throughout Iran with the proclaimed intention of annihilating rebellion in areas of Kurdistan that were in fact peaceful at the time. In reality, the mobilization was primarily designed to rally the restive people of Iran to Khomeini's banner, but his proclamation proved a self-fulfilling prophecy by setting off a widespread Kurdish rebellion.

While emphasizing that they do not wish to secede from Iran, the Kurds do desire some form of substantial regional autonomy, something that is not guaranteed by the vague promises and unsuitable institutions of the Ayatollah's draft constitution. Even when faced with rebellion, the Ayatollah offers Kurdish autonomists little hope or consolation: "I tell the Kurds that all the Iranian masses are the same. There is no difference between the nationalities."

Khomeini has demanded unconditional surrender by the Kurds. His guards and committees have opposed the breakup of feudal estates by the Kurdish peasantry. He has outlawed the Kurdish Democratic party, calling it un-Islamic, "an agent of imperialism and Zionism," and Communist-inspired. The Kurds' "criminal leaders" must not be negotiated with, the Ayatollah says. "They must be crushed." If resistance by the Kurdish rebels persists, another religious leader says, "We shall eliminate them, no matter what the cost." Already hundreds of Kurds have been summarily executed under the supervision of the Ayatollah Sadegh Khalkhali, who is nicknamed Judge Blood.

Khomeini has reserved his greatest scorn and venom for the Kurdish leadership's linkage of national autonomy to a need for liberal democracy throughout Iran. Abdul Rahman Qassemlou, the leader of the Kurdish Democratic party, says: "We now demand democracy for all Iran, freedom for all political parties, and guaranteed freedom for the press." He adds that Khomeini has started an inquisition and is slowly returning Iran to a "religious dictatorship of the Middle Ages." Khomeini, like the Kurds, links the problems of Kurdistan and liberalization, but his approach is to denounce those who "want to give away the country under the guise of democracy."

Now what do you suppose the Carter administration's crusaders for human rights have chosen to do under the circumstances? They've decided that the time is ripe to improve relations with Khomeini by offering to send Iran the $5 billion in arms and spare parts ordered by the shah but needed now because of the Kurdish rebellion. In briefing reporters, the U.S. State Department was careful to convey its view that the survival of a strong central government in Iran was more important than autonomy for the Kurds. The United States government—seemingly incapable of learning the most obvious lessons—is about to repeat the mistake it made in backing the repressive shah. Earlier, administration spokesmen, itching to prove their interventionist "nerve" even if only in Yemen, developed the concept of an Islamic "crescent of crisis." Then Carter, wanting to unite the populace behind his leadership, treated the energy problem like a wartime crisis. Now turmoil in oil-rich Iran threatens once again to inexorably involve the United States. We can only hope that the administration will heed the advice on Iran offered by the *New York Times*: "The risk is that the United States will indulge in activism for its own sake when the wisest course may be to stay out of the game altogether." ❏

Why gold glitters

The shrinking dollar

MARKET OBSERVERS HAVE BEEN amazed and confounded by the seemingly unchecked rise in the price of gold, now hovering at around $345 an ounce. The most popular explanations for this rise appear to center around speculators' anxieties about possible disruptions in our oil supplies and the consequent increases in the price of gasoline and other petroleum products. Fears of more political unrest in Iran, greater instability in the Middle East, even an OPEC on the verge of massive price boosts, have all been blamed for the metal's popularity. Although there is probably a vein of truth in these analyses of why gold has become more attractive, they do not tell the whole story.

Gold's current appeal is a function not only of fears for the short-run future of the American economy; it is also a reflection of the continued flight from the paper dollar. What we are witnessing is not so much the appreciation of bullion but a dramatic erosion of American paper money. With inflation now running at more than 13 percent a year with no end in sight, holders of dollars are seeing the value of their savings shrink at an alarming rate. But it is only the acceleration of the rate of inflation that is startling. Inflation itself is something Americans have long been aware of. Indeed by the government's own measures, a dollar's worth of goods and services in 1973 would have cost only 28¢ in 1939 and today costs over $1.70. So much for paper money!

Gold, however, has had a far more reliable record. An ounce of gold in 1939 was valued at $35, and, if one so chose, could have bought a man an excellent suit; today the same ounce of gold can command an equivalent suit. A weekend on the town, double room at the best hotel, dinner and a show, would have run about an ounce of gold in 1939; and, once again, an ounce of the metal could command the same goods and services today. Even the cost of a New York subway ride has remained constant—700 rides for an ounce of gold. In light of gold's ability to keep its value over time, despite the constant depreciation of paper money, it is no wonder that more and more people are turning their savings into gold.

There is no need to have recourse to esoteric explanations for the popularity of the metal. The answer to why gold has suddenly found so many enthusiastic purchasers lies not in the popularity of bullion but in the increasing unpopularity of the dollar. Those with savings have learned that if the current rate of inflation keeps up, a dollar today will be worth only nine cents in purchasing power twenty years from now and that an ounce of gold will keep its value regardless of how much paper the Bureau of Printing and Engraving turns out. ❏

(A typesetter's interpolation changed the meaning of the concluding lines of our September 30 editorial on nuclear power. The final passage should have read: "If nuclear-power plants can prosper without government aid, so much the better. If they cannot, then bye-bye, nuclear.")

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BREAD & CIRCUSES

PHIL STANFORD

The quiet war on cults

THE YOUNG MAN, AN AIDE to Representative Richard Ottinger of New York, was squirming over the telephone. "There's not going to be a hearing," he said.

"Well," I said, forewarned that Ottinger's office was sensitive about semantics in this particular instance, "what's it called?"

"A seminar," said the aide. "But no date has been set."

For some time now, interested parties such as the Alliance for the Preservation of Religious Liberty and the American Civil Liberties Union, or just curious journalists have been trying to find out when the next round of congressional hearings on cults is to be held. As the strange behavior of Ottinger's legislative assistant indicated, it is a very touchy subject.

In February, shortly after the Jonestown massacre had made the subject of cults a hot item—one that a politician might conceivably use as a political issue—Senator Robert Dole convened what he called a "special informal hearing" for members of Congress to explore "the cult phenomenon in the United States." It was called an "informal" hearing because congressional leaders, apparently recognizing the constitutional difficulties involved, declined to create an official Committee on Cults, or whatever it might have been called. Congress, it will be recalled, is not supposed to make laws affecting the right of people to practice whatever religion they choose. Even if it isn't a majority religion.

Dole, however, was not one to be deterred by such constitutional niceties. As the press release from his office showed quite plainly, he was also willing to play both sides of the question. DOLE TO SPONSOR HEARING ON CULT PHENOMENON, read the headline on the press release from his office. It was only in the text of the release that one learned that Dole, along with Senator Edward Zorinsky (D-Neb.) and Representatives Robert Giaimo (D-Conn.), Richard Ottinger (D-N.Y.), Hamilton Fish (R-N.Y.), and G. William Whitehurst (R-Va.), would be sponsoring an "informal" hearing.

The list of thirteen witnesses scheduled to appear before this non-hearing left no doubt about the intentions of Dole and his colleagues. All were active opponents of groups they consider to be cults. One was Ted Patrick, the notorious "deprogrammer."

At this point the ACLU and the Alliance for the Preservation of Religious Liberty, a coalition of mostly mainstream religious organizations, got into motion. They called the hearings a "witch-hunt," an instance of unconstitutional meddling by the state into religious activities. Cults, as they pointed out, are in fact nothing more or less than minority religions, entitled to the same protections as majority religions. The Alliance and the ACLU demanded that if the hearings were to be held, at least the list of witnesses be expanded to include speakers with other points of view.

The hearings were held, and the witnesses did include several who were critical of the committee and its activities. As a result of the timely pressure by the ACLU and the Alliance, the "cult phenomenon," which at one time had seemed like such a sure political winner, had become a rather sensitive issue. Dole, who happens to be running for President, resigned as unofficial chairman of the unofficial committee, leaving everything in the lap of Richard Ottinger.

The question now is, When does Ottinger plan to hold more cult hearings?

Originally, a session was scheduled for July. Then it was postponed. Last month a spokesman for Ottinger's office said it would be "sometime in September." At that time the event was still referred to as an "unofficial" hearing. Now it seems it is to be called a "seminar" and no date has been settled on—according to Ottinger's squirming legislative assistant.

"You see," he says, "there are a number of highly arcane and involved legal questions involved here." The questions, he says "are not related to the activities of any particular religious groups." In fact, he says, "It's a matter of exploring exactly how does the Congress protect religious freedom."

Reassuring as this undoubtedly sounds, it is still a bit vague. Exactly what arcane questions does the committee intend to address?

Ottinger's aide says there are four questions: First, "What legal remedies have been sought by parents to remove their adult offspring from so-called cults?" Second, "Does the Constitution allow for a legal determination that an individual has been mentally coerced into joining a so-called cult?" Third, "When kidnapping charges have been brought against parents of a member of a so-called cult or a 'deprogrammer' obtained by the parents, can the parents or the 'deprogrammer' claim a 'justification' defense?" And finally, can "actions based on religious belief—as opposed to the beliefs themselves—under any circumstances, be regulated by government?"

So much, then, for the committee's professed interest in finding new and better ways for Congress to protect the freedom of religion. But as a matter of fact, it is impossible to imagine any questions, slanted or not, that would not belie the committee's pieties. As the committee's critics have pointed out, that a congressional committee should meet to discuss the legal status of certain religious groups is itself an intrusion upon the freedom to think or believe. Nor does calling it an "unofficial committee" or a "seminar" change things one bit.

READERS OF A MAGAZINE like this hardly need to be reminded that denying basic freedoms to even the most politically powerless and numerically insignificant groups constitutes a potential threat to everyone else. Once a form of oppression has been accepted in principle, it invariably spreads to larger and larger groups of victims, very much like a disease. Recent history offers more than a few examples of this principle at work. To name just one, the methods used against the Socialist Workers party were eventually directed at the Democratic party.

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That much is clear.

In this case, the process begins with a bunch of Moonies or Hare Krishnas, generally young and whacked out. Their parents hire someone to kidnap them and to scare them into renouncing their beliefs. No one other than a few civil-liberties nuts takes much notice. In fact, a number of people in high places even hold congressional hearings to debate in all seriousness whether such kidnappings are justifiable.

Aha, you say. It doesn't take much imagination to see where that might lead. Right?

Well, I've got bad news for you. What you've imagined is already happening. What we are facing now is the problem not of isolating a virus but of preventing an epidemic. This can be documented by evidence the Alliance has compiled over the last few years from newspapers and other sources.

Many of the stories are about the activities of Ted Patrick, the most famous of the so-called deprogrammers. Patrick claims to have "deprogrammed" as many as 1600 "cultists." However, as the clippings demonstrate, Patrick's definition of a cult is so broad that it might even be considered ecumenical.

One item, datelined Ottawa, Canada, relates Patrick's efforts to deprogram a 21-year-old woman named Debbie Dudgeon, who had converted to the Roman Catholic church. Dudgeon, who had been raised as a member of the United Church, was kidnapped and held against her will while Patrick attempted to persuade her to renounce Catholicism. According to the article, "The attempt failed and the woman returned to a Catholic community house where she had previously been living."

Another article, from the *Houston Chronicle*, tells the story of Patrick's efforts to deprogram a Peter Willis, 28, who had joined the Episcopal Church of the Redeemer. "Patrick," the article said, "was hired by the member's mother, who lives in Chicago and is not a member of any church. The [unsuccessful] deprogramming session lasted 17 hours and occurred at the Holiday Inn near Houston Intercontinental Airport."

According to the transcript of a television interview, Patrick also considers members of the Church of Jesus Christ of the Latter-day Saints, or Mormons, cultists. "The Mormon Church," said Patrick, "is one of the biggest cults in the nation." The interview continues:

Question: But would you consider . . . those people mindless robots?
Patrick: They *are* mindless robots.
Question: Have you ever deprogrammed members of the Mormon Church?
Patrick: Yes, I have deprogrammed about four.

Another article tells how two Nebraska teenagers "who became involved with the controversial First Baptist Church youth group" were returned to their parents after having been taken out of the state and deprogrammed by a former Moonie.

Another tells about the kidnapping and attempted deprogramming of the Reverend Walter Robert Taylor, 22, a priest of the Old Catholic church, a centuries-old sect that differs from the Roman Catholic church on the issue of papal infallibility. Taylor was kidnapped in Oklahoma City and flown to Akron, Ohio, for deprogramming. He managed to escape after two weeks in captivity. (Interestingly enough, among the members of the "deprogramming team" that worked on him was an Arizona lawyer named Michael Trauscht. According to the office of Representative Whitehurst, a member of the unofficial congressional committee on cults, Trauscht is scheduled to be a witness at the next hearings.)

Dr. Ross Bartlett, president of the Alliance for the Preservation of Religious Liberty, estimates that there are about forty deprogrammings begun every day in this country. Most of them, of course, are done on members of such strange and unpopular sects as the Moonies. Obviously that is why this outrageous practice has not caused more alarm than it has. Who cares about Moonies? But as the evidence shows, it doesn't stop there. It hasn't.

When the unofficial committee on cults meets again it should add another question to its list: Who's next? ❑

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FIRST AMENDMENT WATCH

NAT HENTOFF

A bruising for Cruising

THIS FALL, AS A BENEFIT for itself, the New York Civil Liberties Union is selling tickets to the world premiere of *And Justice for All*, a movie starring Al Pacino. (Norman Jewison, Columbia Pictures, Pacino, and the producer are contributing the opening night's proceeds to the NYCLU). A professional fund-raiser in New York who has long supported the civil-liberties organization now vehemently urges it to cancel the benefit because of Al Pacino's "willing participation" earlier this year in the making "of the anti-gay film *Cruising*."

For the NYCLU to be associated with Pacino, says the fund-raiser, would be "a betrayal of its principles," because *Cruising* is so viciously prejudicial to homosexuals that it "represents a clear danger" to their physical well-being. It doesn't matter that what is being premiered is another picture. Any involvement with Pacino now would mean that the NYCLU "embraces the implication" of *Cruising*.

If this pronunciamento were not so manifestly earnest, it could have been a mischievously deliberate transmogrification of civil-liberties principles. To punish an actor for the beliefs of fictive characters he portrays might have made even Joe McCarthy giggle in his winning way. But even if Pacino actually himself were a carrier of "bad" thoughts, to impose sanctions on him as an actor would be to return to the blacklists of yore, when performers such as John Henry Faulk and Gale Sondergaard were prevented from working because someone had placed them on lists of "subversives."

The New York Civil Liberties Union told the fund-raiser, of course, that it was sorry he couldn't participate in the benefit, but it was not about to change itself into a latter-day version of *Red Channels*.

The infuriated fund-raiser was hardly the only summer soldier of the First Amendment to lose his bearings in the fierce New York battle over *Cruising*. The movie is being produced by Jerry Weintraub and directed by Billy Friedkin (*The French Connection, The Exorcist*). As soon as the film crew began appearing this summer on Christopher Street (one of a number of Greenwich Village areas that homosexuals have claimed as their own), reports about the nature of the script quickly circulated. Homosexuals with whom I've been allied in previous First Amendment wars began to insist that *Cruising* had to be shut down. One of them spelled out the bottom line: "I'm against censorship, but this is not censorship. It's self-defense."

The version of the script that homosexuals believed was actually being shot has Al Pacino playing an undercover cop trying to solve the murders (and sexual mutilations) of a number of homosexuals in Greenwich Village. He in turn is jolted into an awareness of his own latent homosexuality and becomes a raging slayer of homosexuals himself.

The screenplay, proclaimed the National Gay Task Force, "represents a gross distortion of the lives of gay men by portraying them as violent and sex-obsessed." And the Gay Activist Alliance protested: "This movie glorifies fag-killing. It's going to encourage violence against gays." Arthur Bell, a columnist for the *Village Voice* and a chronicler of the homosexual scene, agreed: "It's a message to go out and kill, mutilate and decapitate gays." No one, Bell added, "has a right to make a movie that is going to be responsible for the murder of my people."

For weeks, there were street demonstrations in the Village—including some violence by both demonstrators and cops—as well as attempts during the day to create so much noise outside shooting sites as to make it impossible to film. For some of the evening rallies, thousands of homosexuals and empathic straights jammed Christopher Street and, on occasion, stopped traffic in Sheridan Square. Among the homosexuals were a minority of civil libertarians who were furious at the film but who also, as one said to me during a demonstration one night, did not want to "lose the First Amendment" in the course of these attempts to close *Cruising* down.

"You won't," I told him, "so long as you keep government neutral. The *Cruising* people have a right to film; you have a right to demonstrate."

Morosely, he shook his head. "The demonstrations aren't enough. They're still shooting."

AROUND THAT TIME, AN ad hoc coalition of homosexual groups went to the mayor of New York, Ed Koch, and asked him to withdraw city support for the filming of the inflammatory picture. (For all films shot in New York, the city provides free police protection, free location shooting permits, free sanitation and fire department services, and a very useful "one stop" coordination of all permits and approvals through the Mayor's Office of Motion Pictures and Television.)

"I'm against censorship, but this is not censorship," said one protester. "It's self-defense."

Koch is deficient in many respects (particularly his unstated notion that he is essentially the mayor of the middle-class population of the city); but from his years in Congress to the present, Koch has been a passionate and knowledgeable defender of the Bill of Rights, particularly of the First and Fourth Amendments. (As a representative, he most distinguished himself by his privacy legislation, and he almost invariably voted against bills limiting free speech.) In this instance, Koch pointed out that the city of New York does not offer its cooperation to film companies on the basis of whether it approves the content of the film or not. "To do otherwise," he said, "would involve censorship."

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The delegation announced itself to be grievously disappointed in Koch. Ethan Geto, a spokesman for the coalition, declared: "I do not consider this a First Amendment issue because we were not asking government to block production of this particular movie." All they were asking, Geto added, was for the city to "stop allocating taxpayer resources to this particular project." Well, that wasn't quite all they were asking. In addition, Geto wanted Koch to deny the film crew permits to use the city streets.

Ethan Geto, a principal assistant to New York state Attorney General Robert Abrams, has in the past been one of the few public officials I've known with a serious concern for the First Amendment. He once called me, for example, because he was alone among the attorney general's advisers in opposing a proposed interference with certain reporters and he wanted some help in buttressing his free-press arguments. When it came to *Cruising*, however, Geto simply ignored the First Amendment by failing to acknowledge that if the city were to place sanctions only on this one picture—and only because of its content—the government would indeed be involved in censorship.

The demonstrations went on, as did the pressure on Koch to end all city support of *Cruising*. By the end of August, however, the crew had done all the shooting it had intended to in New York, and moved on. Before he left, Billy Friedkin told a reporter that the script that will finally be seen is not the one that so infuriated many of New York's homosexuals. But in terms of freedom of expression, it doesn't matter what's in the script. As *Daily News* columnist Pete Hamill wrote, even if *Cruising* confirms "the worst fears of the gay community, they would still have the right to make it. And members of that community would have the absolute right to protest it, but not to stop it."

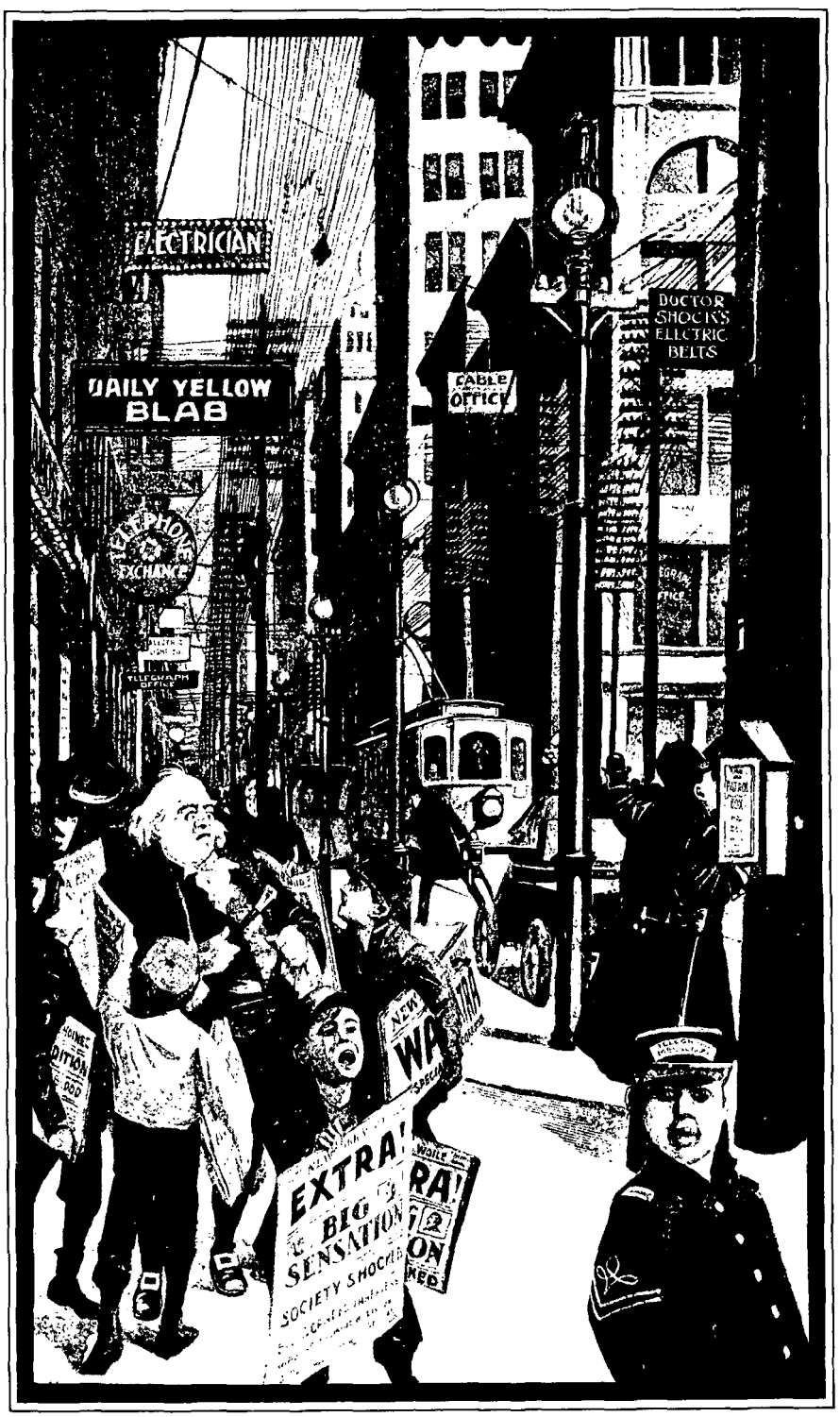
Everybody knows that, right? But what civil libertarian would dare have a plebiscite on the question—anywhere?

WHEN IT WAS ALL OVER, for the time being, a closer look at the battle reports indicated that the First Amendment had not been left entirely unscathed. In response to pressure by those who had wanted *Cruising* silenced, two actions were taken that may well set oppressive precedent the next time a controversial film begins shooting in New York.

Community Board No. 2, which speaks for much of lower Manhattan, including Greenwich Village, passed two resolutions while *Cruising* was still in the streets. One of them noted that because of all the tension (in other words, violence) caused by shooting the film on Christopher Street and the "sensitivity of the Gay Community" to using Christopher Street at all for what they see as a very hostile film, the mayor ought to use his good offices to get the film crew to stay out of Christopher Street.

What the board thereby did, of course, was to endorse a "heckler's veto." If a filmmaker or a speaker provokes sufficient anger to lead to great tension in the community, then *he* must be silenced in order to keep the peace. Furthermore, by inviting the mayor into this conflict between two groups exercising their conflicting free-speech rights, the board had also endorsed the profoundly un-American concept that government has the power to regulate the content of speech in a public place.

Also passed by Community Board No. 2 was a resolution pressing the city



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to guarantee "prior consultation" to all community boards before any crew gets a permit to film in any neighborhood. The text says nothing about advance review of scripts, but as several board members grumbled, that demand will inevitably be added—sooner rather than later. "Actually," one member of the board told me, "you don't even have to specify script approval in order to censor. All that the boards need do, anywhere in the city, is say that they don't want any film in their neighborhoods that is going to cause disruption. So, in some section of the city deeply hostile to gays, a crew filming a prohomosexual film will be kept out because lots of folks in that neighborhood promise to disrupt the filming."

Meanwhile, also in Greenwich Village, the Village Independent Democrats—one of the first of the city's "reform" clubs, the home base of Ed Koch, and an organization that has long prided itself on its addiction to the Bill of Rights—passed another resolution. This one pointed with alarm to the "inflammatory situation" caused by the filming of *Cruising* in the Village, particularly on Christopher Street. Accordingly, this bold group of reformers urged the mayor to flatly withdraw all support of any *Cruising* activity on Christopher Street.

This too creates a baleful precedent. If the government is to forbid a single street to this film crew, then it logically must accede to community censorship pressures in other parts of the city. Jews in Brooklyn might well insist on keeping out a film crew of Arabs who also live in Brooklyn. Or Catholics in the Bronx might have the government throw a film crew out of a street there because that movie has to do with the childhood of some Catholic backslider who became an atheist.

I asked the president of the Village Independent Democrats, a professed civil libertarian, how his club could possibly have created so inviting a prelude to random neighborhood censorship.

"Well," he said, "we didn't want to offend the homosexual community."

As if the First Amendment can only be exercised if you're being nice to people.

The insidious attractions of censorship continually take on new forms and rationalizations. As Phil Kerby, the *Los Angeles Times* columnist, puts it: "Censorship is the strongest drive in human nature; sex, a weak second."

For further instance, during the assaults on *Cruising*, a member of the National Gay Task Force was explaining on television what her group's ultimate goal is—after trying to expunge *Cruising*. "We are only asking," she said, "that Hollywood and television include us in their system of self-censorship. They're learning not to offend blacks and women, and this is going to teach them to be careful how they show us."

SHE MAY BE CLOSER TO HER goal than she thinks. As *Cruising* was finishing its filming in New York, Arthur Bell, *Village Voice* reporter, called Larry Marks, vice-president for production and marketing at Paramount Pictures. Marks said of the warfare in New York: "I can feel the effects already. Industry people will be more careful about gay life styles and the kind of gay ingredient that should be in a script. To use a cliché, what you've done in New York is raise consciousness."

Raise consciousness? Or put a pall of orthodoxy on it? If this kind of censorious "sensitivity" spreads, before a film can be financed its script will have to pass a review board composed of "representatives" of all the different kinds of folks portrayed in it. And in time, this rigidly benign approach might be extended to books, now that more and more publishers have been swallowed up by conglomerates that use marketing specialists to set policies.

Another index of what happens to free speech when one group is so offended that it insists on its rightful need to censor—this time a performer—is the attempt to get CBS to remove Vanessa Redgrave from a lead role as a concentration-camp survivor. Even Dore Schary, who has a strong free-speech record, would deny Redgrave the part because of her support of the Palestine Liberation Organization. There is no questioning the honesty of Schary's feelings when he says that the casting of Redgrave in this play "depreciates those who survived the death camps and defames the names of those who died in them." Just as there was no questioning the honesty of homosexuals' anti-*Cruising* feelings.

Another censor of Redgrave, documentary-maker David Wolper, claims that "politics has nothing to do" with his campaign to get her removed from the program. "I don't object that she plays a role, but not this part."

But politics has everything to do with the drive to punish—and that's exactly what it is—Redgrave for what she believes. Her politics are the issue. And as Arthur Miller, who wrote the script, points out, "To fire Vanessa Redgrave for her political views would be blacklisting."

So far, the most illuminating civil-libertarian comment in this particular furor has come from Hollywood producer Robert Radnitz: "I don't like what Vanessa Redgrave stands for in any way, shape, or form, but I would defend her right to play that role. I think CBS was terribly insensitive to cast her, but I feel a person's political situation has no bearing on any role she should be able to play. The question really comes down to: Can she play it well?"

Radnitz is rare in the consistency with which he regards free speech as indivisible. So too, one might have thought, is Jerry Weintraub, producer of *Cruising*, who kept trying to make himself heard during the New York wars as he emphasized that the making of the film was an affirmation of everyone's First Amendment rights. Yet in an interview in *New York* magazine, Weintraub has now admitted that he withdrew financial support from the American Civil Liberties Union because it supported the right of Nazis to march in Skokie.

After all, Weintraub said, the Nazis "are a clear danger."

That's what all the censors say.

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WHO KILLED JOHN PAISLEY?

The CIA calls his death a suicide, but the evidence suggests that the former intelligence analyst was another casualty in the war over the Russian "mole" inside the CIA.

By JEFF GOLDBERG

TWENTY-TWO-YEAR-OLD Eddie Paisley works as a waiter at a Virginia bar and grill just outside of Washington, D.C. His 55-year-old father, an important CIA analyst, was found dead, floating in the Chesapeake Bay, one year ago. The authorities ruled he had committed suicide. Eddie Paisley believes his father was murdered. "Somebody is plugging the case up and trying to befuddle it as best they can," he says. "That's what it seems like to me. Obviously something's up, but the CIA doesn't want anyone to know about it."

Eddie's father, John Arthur Paisley, left the CIA in 1974 after twenty-one years of service, for which he was decorated with the Distinguished Medal of Honor. Since 1969 he had been the deputy director of the CIA's Office of Strategic Research, the branch that deals with assessing Soviet nuclear capabilities. He was an important and respected expert on U.S. and Soviet atomic weapons and the CIA's computer and satellite systems. Since his "official" retirement five years ago, he had continued to work on top-secret agency projects as a $200-a-day consultant—until he disappeared.

On Sunday, September 24, 1978, Paisley sailed off from Lusby, Maryland, on his 31-foot sloop *Brillig* for a day on the bay. He was an expert sailor who loved the time he spent on his boat. He apparently planned to work alone that day, evaluating a sensitive CIA report on Soviet nuclear strength.

Late in the afternoon Paisley radioed ashore to friends to say he would be staying out late on the *Brillig*. He asked for the dock lights to be left on for him. It was the last time anyone is known to have heard from him.

The next morning the Coast Guard discovered the abandoned *Brillig* when a crab boat reported being almost hit by it. After boarding the boat, the Coast Guard quickly identified Paisley as its owner, and they noted the CIA documents in his briefcase. The CIA's security office was immediately notified.

After a delay of some twelve hours, the CIA called Maryann Paisley at her McLean, Virginia, home. The Paisleys had separated a year earlier after twenty-five years of marriage and he had just recently moved into a new apartment in downtown Washington. Maryann Paisley had herself worked for the CIA in 1974 as a contract employee and was still bound by the agency's security oath. She understood the CIA's concern for securing his sensitive papers, so late that night she drove out to the Maryland shore, accompanied by her daughter Diane, and CIA officials. They searched the *Brillig*, but apparently removed nothing. However, there were indications that other CIA security representatives had already been there, because Paisley's sophisticated radio gear, which included antennas and transmitters, was gone.

The next morning, Maryann Paisley sent her son Eddie to check his father's apartment. He discovered the apartment had already been entered—papers were in disarray and a camera, tape recordings, and a Rolodex were missing. Some nine-millimeter bullets were strewn on a closet floor. It was later determined that CIA representatives had already been there also. The police later complained that these searches had contaminated much of the evidence.

At this point there was no trace of Paisley. Since he was a strong swimmer, his family hoped he was still alive on one of the bay's small islands. The Coast Guard made a helicopter and boat search of the area, but there was no police investigation because a missing-person report had not been filed. For a week Paisley's disappearance went publicly unreported.

Then on October 1, a bloated, badly decomposed body was pulled from the bay several miles from where the *Brillig* had run aground. The victim, shot once behind the left ear with a nine-millime-

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ter bullet, was wearing two belts containing thirty-eight pounds of diving weights. The body, made buoyant by gases trapped inside, had floated to the surface. No gun was recovered.

The next day, Maryland's chief medical examiner, Dr. Russell S. Fisher, identified the body as Paisley's and ruled the cause of death as a gunshot wound in the head. The coroner classified the manner of death as "undetermined."

The Maryland State Police now entered the case and assigned it a very high priority. But since the boat and apartment had already been "cleaned out" by the CIA, a police spokesman says, "We had to play catch-up ball during the entire investigation." Nevertheless, three weeks later the police ruled the death an "apparent suicide," although their files remain open and, like the coroner, they officially classify the manner of death as "undetermined."

Indeed this was not to be an open-and-shut case. Doubts and questions began to surface from the prodding of Paisley's family and a small group of reporters from Wilmington, Baltimore, and Washington. The uncertainties spawned a wide range of theories: It was not Paisley's body that had been found, he was alive on a secret CIA mission, he was alive in Moscow as a defector, he was the celebrated KGB mole in the CIA, or he was killed by the KGB for discovering the mole.

John Paisley's violent death is now a full-blown, year-old spy mystery becoming more puzzling and complex with each new revelation. Despite official pronouncements that nothing is amiss, the case is full of tantalizing suggestions, misdirections, and double meanings that just don't add up and won't go away. "This is the mystery story of the decade," says an unidentified police investigator to a Baltimore reporter. "You and I will probably be dead and gone long before they close the files on this one."

Besides the unusual circumstances of Paisley's death, which we will come to later, what made this case so provocative was the CIA's attitude toward Paisley and the swirl of events that coincided with his death, including fierce accusations of "moles" in the CIA, an intense debate over SALT verification, and a security breach involving a top-secret spy-satellite manual ["Poisoning SALT," May 1, 1979, p. 11].

But from the beginning the CIA's public position was that there was "no evidence whatsoever" of foul play in Paisley's death. Agency officials claimed no jurisdiction and acceded to the police verdict of suicide. They painted a picture of a depressed, financially insecure man who had retired years ago. Initially they said Paisley had been only a "low-level analyst" who didn't work on any "sensitive" matters. They said his only remaining link to the CIA was as part-time consultant on "routine administrative matters with a very limited access to classified information." It was a flimsy cover story, and leaks from all over Washington soon completely destroyed it.

"Paisley never was not involved in something big," says a source.

A former high-level staffer on the President's Foreign Intelligence Advisory Board, someone who had worked with Paisley on top-secret projects, called the initial CIA accounts "shocking." "In fact," this source said, "I was surprised that the agency would even try to pander that sort of information." Another source reported, "The agency is flat-out lying. Paisley never was not involved in something big." It was also reported that Paisley had several meetings—one as late as a month before his death—with CIA Director Stansfield Turner. (Admiral Turner has consistently minimized Paisley's role within the CIA.)

Senators on the Intelligence Committee were furious with the CIA's "lack of candor" and they launched their own investigation.

Paisley's biggest job in recent years was serving as liaison between the CIA and Team B, a secret task force of U.S. experts who assessed Soviet military strengths. Team B, created in 1976 by then CIA Director George Bush, consisted of national defense experts outside of the CIA who were given access to all U.S.–Soviet intelligence secrets. It was formed after White House experts on the intelligence advisory board convinced CIA officials that the agency's yearly evaluations of Soviet military capability (Team A) should be tested by comparing them with outside evaluations (Team B). Paisley was not a member of the B team, but as its executive director he had access to the most highly classified intelligence materials on the Soviet Union.

After four months of work, in December 1976, Team B concluded the CIA had underestimated Soviet military strength. Their report was then leaked to the *New York Times* in an attempt to pressure the CIA into taking a harder line. Apparently Paisley disagreed, sticking with the Team A analysis. One of the more hawkish Team B members, Daniel Graham, former head of the Defense Intelligence Agency, has called him a "weepy liberal."

Paisley was working on his evaluation of Team B's performance during his last sailing excursion.

MARYANN PAISLEY and her two children initially followed CIA procedures and kept silent after the body was recovered. She had sought advice from the agency and had asked a CIA-approved attorney to represent her. However, she soon began to doubt that the body was her husband's, and became upset with the unsatisfactory answers and the lack of cooperation she was receiving from the agency.

In January, she sent a bitter letter to CIA Director Turner, writing that "the CIA attitude toward me has been a betrayal of my husband's devotion and unquestioned loyalty to the Agency." She was so angered by what she felt was a CIA cover-up that she hired a new attorney, Bernard Fensterwald, Jr., and a private investigator, Ken Smith, and told them, "Find out what the hell happened to my husband."

Fensterwald, a longtime friend of the Paisley family, is an experienced and well-known Washington attorney. He served as a Senate committee counsel in the 1960s, and since then he has represented such noted clients as convicted assassin James Earl Ray and Watergate conspirator James McCord. For many years he has worked to uncover the JFK assassination conspiracy by directing a private, Washington-based research organization called the Committee to Investigate Assassinations.

In April, Fensterwald told reporters he was "pretty well convinced" the body found was not Paisley's. He cited discrepancies between the height, weight, and waist size of the corpse and those of Paisley. Paisley was 5 feet 11 inches tall,

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weighed 170 pounds, and had a 34-inch waist. The corpse was originally measured as 5 feet 7 inches, 144 pounds, with a 30-inch waist. In November, Fisher, the state coroner, revised the height of the corpse to 5 feet 11 inches, saying it "was originally recorded in error as 5 feet 7 inches." Inexplicably, Fisher made this correction seven weeks after the body had been cremated.

In fact, it is not clear how Fisher made his identification at all; he had no fingerprints or dental records, no family member or friend on hand to examine the body, and a body so decomposed that all of the hair was gone, including the thick beard Paisley grew. There was not even any blood left to be typed. Later, in a terse but cryptic remark about the identification, the police would only say, "We were under tremendous pressures."

Fisher said the body was so grotesque it would be "out of the question" for family members to view it. After his identification, he allowed the body to be cremated in a CIA-approved funeral home. Mrs. Paisley had consented to the cremation on the advice of Fisher, CIA officials, and the CIA-approved attorney who was then counseling her. Her approval was given, however, before she learned about what she called "the multitude of physical discrepancies." Later, when she was finally allowed to see photos taken at the autopsy, she could not make an identification and was not satisfied the body was her husband's.

For nine months the identification remained in dispute as Paisley's family refused to admit the cremated body was his. Then, in June, two men who saw the body when it was first brought ashore by the Coast Guard came forward to question the suicide finding. The two said they had seen distinct markings around the throat that indicated "foul play." Dr. George Weems, the county coroner for twenty years, and Harry Lee Langley, the owner of the marina where Paisley gassed up his sloop, spoke to reporters at a press conference arranged by Fensterwald on behalf of Mrs. Paisley.

Weems, the first doctor to see the body, said he had noticed markings on the neck indicating it had "been squeezed or had a rope around it. . . . They were the type of things you see when people are strangled." He said the marks appeared to have been made before Paisley was killed, and not afterwards, when the body was in the water.

Langley said it was either "a helluva rope burn" or "the throat had been slashed, because a bad gash ran from ear to ear." Langley said he had seen Paisley around the marina and was sure the body he saw was Paisley's. He said he was told to keep quiet about what he had witnessed, but despite repeated questioning he could not remember who had told him to remain silent.

Weems conducted only a twenty-minute preliminary observation before sending the body, and a report, on to Baltimore, where the autopsy was performed the next day. Fisher's autopsy report does not mention any markings on Paisley's throat, and when he was reached by reporters later, he denounced Weems's comments, saying that one of his subordinates should not be "spouting off about things he doesn't know about." "They had no way of observing the body adequately," said Fisher. "The marks around the neck were caused by skin slippage." Weems, recontacted after these comments, stuck to his conclusion, saying, "I know what I saw."

Why had Weems and Langley waited nine months to come forward? Langley said he finally contacted Mrs. Paisley after hearing news reports that she might not be able to collect on her husband's life insurance policies. Paisley's CIA insurance policy paid off right away, but two other insurance companies questioned the identification of the body and the cause of death. (One company, Mutual of Omaha, has a special clause in its policy: it doesn't pay off on a suicide. The other company, Mutual of New York, was not sure the body was Paisley's.) Langley told Mrs. Paisley what he had seen and then urged Weems also to come forward.

Because Langley had known Paisley previously, and because, after nine months, Paisley had not turned up alive, the family and their attorney, as a matter of convenience, now reluctantly concede it was his body, though they still have doubts.

Soon after the June press conference, Mutual of New York (with no suicide clause) agreed to make good on its $95,000 policy. A MONY spokesman said, "Our doubts have been resolved that it was Paisley's body." Mutual of Omaha (with the special clause) will not honor its policy and Fensterwald expects to sue them. If the company still refuses to pay, once the suit is filed, a jury trial would follow later this year. To win, Mutual of Omaha would have to prove suicide, a difficult task with no witnesses, no suicide note, and little evidence. If Mutual of Omaha were to lose, Mrs. Paisley and her attorney would have a legal verdict of murder, which they hope would prompt a new investigation. But more important, the discovery proceedings of a trial would allow Fensterwald to ask for documents and question the CIA about Paisley.

"Jumping off a boat with a gun is a weird way to commit suicide."

IF THE BODY PULLED FROM the Chesapeake Bay was indeed Paisley's, had he been murdered? "Jumping off a boat with a gun in hand, pulling the trigger while in the water, is, to be charitable about the matter, a weird way to commit suicide," says Fensterwald. "And there was no suicide note. I'm told that 95 percent of suicide cases have left a note." The attorney cites other factors that argue against suicide:

■ There were no signs of a shooting aboard the *Brillig*. No traces of blood or brain tissue were found on the sloop. Thus, a suicide verdict requires a finding that Paisley either shot himself while standing on the edge of the boat—so that the shell casing, pistol, blood, and brain fragments all fell overboard with him—or that he shot himself in the water while wearing thirty-eight pounds of diving weights.

■ Ballistics experts have assured Maryann Paisley that a nine-millimeter gun held behind the ear and fired at closer than arm's length will send a bullet in one side of the skull and out the other. This did not happen to Paisley. The corpse had a lead slug lodged in the brain and no exit wound.

■ According to Mrs. Paisley, when she first boarded the boat she noticed "a table had been pulled away from the wall. Several screws had been pulled loose, and it was tilted at an angle which would have made it impossible to use." This raised the question of struggle aboard the boat, since Paisley was working on the Team B report and the table

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was the only writing surface aboard.

A week after the Langley-Weems press conference, two former state prosecutors who had worked on the Paisley case said it had not been properly investigated and should be reopened. The two men, Naji P. Maloof (the county attorney when the body was found) and Lawrence Lampson (Maloof's successor and now a district court judge) said their work was hampered by the CIA's refusal to cooperate with the state police. "Some people just don't want the truth about this case out," said Maloof.

MARYANN PAISLEY says her husband was not just a paper-pushing analyst, despite the CIA's insistence that he never worked for the clandestine side of the agency. She wrote to Admiral Turner that Paisley's CIA activities "over the years were, as you know, certainly not confined to the overt side." She has said privately that Paisley served as a CIA contact for Nixon's White House "Plumbers." Also, investigator Ken Smith found the code-name "NASH" scribbled among some of Paisley's papers. "'NASH' stands for North Arlington Safe House," says Smith. "Nosenko was kept there at one time."

The Nosenko controversy is at the center of a secret struggle that divides the CIA. The question is, Is there a "mole"—a KGB plant—inside the CIA's top staff who has compromised our intelligence system? Paisley was apparently a man in the middle of this "mole war," which is being fought in public by former CIA officials James Angleton and Richard Helms on one side, representing the "old guard," and William Colby and Stansfield Turner on the other side, representing the new wave.

Yuri Ivanovich Nosenko, now 51, was a KGB agent who began feeding information to the CIA in June 1962. In January 1964—two months after the Kennedy assassination—he defected to the United States. To that point he was the highest-ranking KGB catch ever for American intelligence.

James Angleton, then chief of CIA counterintelligence, and his allies in the CIA's Soviet bloc division immediately became wary of Nosenko's bona fides. Their doubts increased with time. The timing of Nosenko's arrival was too convenient, his message too pat. Nosenko revealed he was the KGB man in charge of all of Lee Harvey Oswald's KGB records—including Oswald's defection to the Soviet Union in 1959 and his dealings with the Soviet embassy in Mexico City in 1963. With this complete knowledge, Nosenko assured both American intelligence and the Warren Commission, which was then beginning its deliberations, that Oswald was of "no interest" whatsoever to the KGB and had had no contact with the Soviet spy agency. Oswald, though, had told the U.S. embassy in Moscow that he had agreed to give the Russians U-2 spy-plane secrets. (As a marine radio operator, Oswald had been stationed at a major U-2 base in Japan.) Tennant Bagley, former deputy chief of the CIA's Soviet bloc division and an Angleton ally, now says he found Nosenko's explanation "unbelievable." Angleton went so far as to conclude Oswald was a KGB sleeper agent when he returned to the United States, and was later activated to kill Kennedy.

But to others in the CIA and to J. Edgar Hoover, Angleton was just paranoid. To Hoover's FBI, which had primary responsibility for investigating the assassination, Nosenko brought the best possible news. It was not in Hoover's interest to have the Soviets involved in the assassination. His most trusted Soviet intelligence source, a prized Russian double agent at the UN code-named "Fedora," had given Hoover the same assurances that Oswald had no KGB ties. The Soviet source also vouched for Nosenko's legitimacy. If Nosenko was a double agent, then Fedora must also be a mole. And if Fedora was lying, it meant Hoover's counterintelligence system was severely compromised. More important, the Nosenko message got Hoover's G-men off the hook for not having spotted Oswald as a potential assassin. Hoover reasoned that if Oswald had documentable ties to the KGB—whether or not he was their assassin—Hoover would have to explain to the Warren Commission why his men didn't know about it. So he embraced Nosenko and Fedora.

"Some people just don't want the truth about this case out."

Two years before Nosenko came, another Soviet defector, Anatoli M. Golitsin, code-named "Stone," told the United States there was a KGB mole who had penetrated the highest echelons of the CIA. When Nosenko defected, Stone at once suspected him. But both he and Nosenko-Fedora couldn't be right. (Stone is today a top CIA consultant whose word is accepted by agency counterintelligence.)

Angleton's side agreed with Stone and they tried to break Nosenko. He was placed under "hostile interrogation" at a specially constructed CIA safe house and psychologically tortured for more than three years. According to Bagley, Nosenko was the only defector to receive such treatment, which included solitary confinement, constant visual observation, and sophisticated techniques designed to disorient him. Serious contradictions and omissions developed in his story, but Nosenko refused to crack.

Still unconvinced, Angleton and Helms finally decided in 1968 that their doubts couldn't be resolved definitively. In an effort to diffuse the problem and get Nosenko out of their hair, they gave him a new identity and shipped him off to North Carolina for "rehabilitation." A 900-page report from the CIA's Soviet branch that year summed up their considerable doubts. But an 18-page rebuttal, written later in 1968 by the Office of Security, disputed each and every conclusion of the Angleton side. There the matter was to have ended.

But then came the major power shift within the CIA. In 1973 Helms was sent off to Iran and William Colby took over as director. By 1974, Angleton and his top aides were also out—forced to resign by Colby. Then came Colby's airing of twenty-five years of agency dirty laundry before the Senate—including foreign assassinations, mind-control projects, and illegal domestic operations. Helms and Angleton, the old-guard leaders, were blamed for many of these past crimes, and were chided for their anti-Soviet biases. (Colby, responsible for one of the worst CIA abuses, the "Phoenix" project of Vietnam executions, remained unscathed.) Colby also allowed the Nosenko defenders to welcome back Nosenko as a top consultant to CIA counterintelligence.

Until last year the whole Nosenko matter had smoldered in secret. However, the publication of Edward Epstein's book, *Legend*, changed that; there was a sensation in Congress, the media, and intelligence circles when it was learned that Angleton was a primary source for

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the author.

The book laid out publicly, for the first time, Angleton's opposition to Nosenko and his contention that the defector was a KGB plant sent to dupe the CIA. Masterspy Angleton, now out in the bitter cold, was saying, through Epstein, that the CIA had been turned "inside out" by the KGB. Colby was blamed for handing over the "family jewels" of past CIA illegalities to the Senate and destroying CIA counterintelligence. Angleton also hinted that maybe Colby was the "mole."

Apparently Colby's allies felt the same way about Angleton. Last May it was reported Angleton had been the subject of a 1972 CIA investigation into his loyalty. The investigation was terminated in 1974 because of lack of evidence. But now a second probe targeting Angleton is said to be underway. Ordered by Admiral Turner, this new investigation will reportedly blame Angleton for his failure to protect the CIA from Soviet penetration.

In the face of this attack, the Angleton-Helms side has been bolstered by the recently released report of the House Assassinations Committee, which substantiates their view of Nosenko. The committee interviewed everyone concerned, including Nosenko five times. The report concludes Nosenko "lied about Oswald" either "to the FBI and CIA in 1964 or the committee in 1978, or perhaps both." The committee found Oswald "quite likely" had been interviewed by the KGB and had been the subject of extensive KGB surveillance. One former committee staffer says, "We hammered away at Nosenko for six hours one day and totally broke him and his whole story shattered." Nosenko completely reversed his story and admitted to the committee that all of Oswald's mail was intercepted, his phone was tapped, his apartment bugged, and his movements watched by undercover KGB agents.

Adding weight to Nosenko's revised story, the committee's polygraph expert found that Nosenko's first two lie detector tests, which were administered by the Angleton team and showed Nosenko to be lying, were the "most valid." A later test, used by Nosenko's defenders to exonerate him, was judged by the committee's expert to be "atrocious."

Despite the committee's finding on Nosenko, the CIA officially sticks by him. The agency chose John Clement Hart, a twenty-four-year CIA veteran who wrote yet another positive CIA evaluation of Nosenko in 1976, to explain its current position to the committee. Hart condemned the CIA interrogation of Nosenko as the shabbiest he had ever seen. Then, in a classic stonewall, he refused to testify about Nosenko and Oswald—though this was the main reason the committee had called him. He refused to even acknowledge that questions exist about Nosenko. Hart would only say, "I would ignore the testimony of Mr. Nosenko on Oswald. I would not use it." But he said this did not imply a "bad faith" act by Nosenko, only that he had been misinformed or was boasting about his knowledge to get better treatment from the CIA.

Helms and Bagley were unimpressed. Since Nosenko had lied about Oswald, said Helms, "this tends to sour all other opinions he maintained. I don't know how one resolves this bone in the throat." "We cannot simply slide over this as easily as CIA does," said Bagley. "It is a serious possibility, not a sick fantasy. In fact, it is hard to avoid. It is irresponsible to expose clandestine personnel to this individual." Angleton has remained silent.

"There isn't much we can do if the CIA lies to us," says a senator.

WHAT DOES ALL OF this have to do with Paisley? Apparently a lot. Paisley debriefed and befriended Nosenko; Maryann Paisley thinks her husband's death may be related to Nosenko; the Senate was so concerned it has investigated the matter for a year; and, in a remarkable coincidence, Paisley disappeared from the *Brillig* a few days after John Hart and Richard Helms testified to the Assassinations Committee about Nosenko.

In January, at the request of Senator Birch Bayh of Indiana, chairman of the Senate Intelligence Committee, the FBI began a counterintelligence analysis of the Paisley case. "A number of troubling questions remain," said Bayh. The Nosenko connection was high on the list, but the committee, whose function is oversight, claimed it lacked the manpower for a full investigation. "There isn't much we can do if the CIA lies to us," said a Senate spokesman. One senator anonymously added, "The CIA has lied so often about Paisley that they don't even remember what they tell us from one day to the next."

In April the FBI reported that the facts of the case did not warrant a counterintelligence investigation, but gave no details. The Senate committee remained "troubled" by the Nosenko angle and continued a limited investigation. (Their report should be ready this month, but is due to remain classified.) The CIA, for its part, has adamantly denied Paisley had any connection to Nosenko. Information from several sources indicates this is yet another CIA stonewall.

Reportedly, Paisley regularly interrogated and evaluated Soviet dissidents and political defectors. In particular, according to reporter Tad Szulc, who wrote about the Paisley case in January for the *New York Times Magazine*, Paisley, working closely with Angleton, interrogated Nosenko about Soviet strategic capabilities when Nosenko was held at a Virginia safe house in the mid-1960s. The two men later became friends, say Szulc's sources, and Paisley frequently visited Nosenko at his North Carolina home where he lived after 1968. The last visit was in the spring of 1978.

Admiral Turner says Nosenko "has no recollection of ever meeting Paisley." Angleton told *Look* last spring, "To my knowledge Paisley was never involved in the clandestine side. I have doubts that he saw Nosenko." But Angleton also denied ever meeting Paisley. Fensterwald, for one, doesn't trust Angleton's answer. He says, "I don't believe it's possible that in their long CIA careers, both involved in Soviet counterintelligence, that they never met." Angleton's denial could be viewed as self-serving. It is not inconceivable that Paisley, after 1974, was keeping tabs on Nosenko for the original Angleton group.

Maryann Paisley is sure her husband was part of the 1964–67 hostile interrogation team that condemned Nosenko. She says he told her he was. In her private letter to CIA Director Turner, she wrote, "You know that John Paisley was deeply involved in Nosenko's indescribable debriefing. It has crossed my mind and that of others, that my husband's fate might somehow be connected with the Nosenko case. John's death and/or

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disappearance coincided with Nosenko headlines in every newspaper and news broadcast nationwide. Katherine Hart or Len McCoy will tell you that I am not a fool."

Turner, a relative newcomer to the Nosenko question, has nevertheless continued the Colby policy. In her letter, Mrs. Paisley was asking him to listen to two current senior CIA officials, Hart and McCoy, who are on the pro-Nosenko side—his side. To persuade Turner to look into the matter, Maryann Paisley was relying not on people who were anti-Nosenko and therefore prejudiced in Turner's eyes, but on people who would be credible to him.

Katherine Hart is the wife of John Hart, whose Assassinations Committee testimony came nine days before Paisley disappeared. Mrs. Hart was Maryann Paisley's immediate supervisor when Mrs. Paisley worked for a year as a CIA bookkeeper in 1974 and Mrs. Hart was a senior officer in the Requirements Division, which handles requests for funds for clandestine operations by overseas CIA stations. Apparently she had a professional relationship with Paisley, since her CIA phone number was written in his secret phone book, recovered among his effects.

Leonard McCoy, according to Epstein's book *Legend*, was an officer in the CIA's Reports Section who championed Nosenko and protested his mistreatment and the suppression of the information he had provided. After Angleton was purged in 1974, McCoy, according to Epstein, was appointed the new research head of counterintelligence, and "Nosenko himself was then appointed as a consultant to this newly constituted counterintelligence staff."

It is not known if Turner spoke to Hart or McCoy, but in February he did send Mrs. Paisley a brief reply, expressing his sympathy and concluding, "I do want you to know that our careful review of the evidence to date . . . has convinced us that it was John's body which was found and that problems or questions raised by you in your letter can be resolved." He gave no specifics.

One Senate source warns, "I would take it easy on Paisley's reputation and integrity. We have not been able to get any hard evidence or proof that he was a double agent or a mole or any of these things. There have been a lot of stories hinting this or that but they're not based on anything you can prove." Fensterwald agrees that Paisley was loyal to the CIA, but this still leaves weighty and complex questions for the Senate (and the CIA) to answer:

■ Is there a mole in the CIA and was Paisley working to uncover him? One theory is that Paisley was murdered by the Soviets because he was about to expose their mole or because the Soviets wanted to teach the CIA a lesson. According to this theory, Paisley was being offered to the Russians as a double agent, when he was actually still loyal to the CIA. Fluent in Russian, having a top clearance, separated from his wife, living in an apartment building populated with Soviet embassy employees (read KGB), Paisley appeared to be a tailor-made defector. But the Soviets figured out it was too good to be true—a setup. So, the theory goes, they killed him to intimidate the Americans.

In fact, it has been reported that Paisley was approached by KGB agents during the early stages of the second round of SALT talks in Helsinki. He was asked to become a double agent on the subject of the U.S. negotiating position at the talks. Paisley immediately passed on the contact to his CIA superiors and was advised to take the offer. He fed information to the KGB with CIA approval, although it is not known whether it was accurate.

And there is also the case of Nicholas George Shadrin, a Soviet naval commander who defected to the United States in 1959 and became a consultant to the Office of Naval Intelligence. Sources confirmed to the *Baltimore Sun* that Paisley had interrogated and evaluated Shadrin. In 1966, Shadrin became a double agent working with the KGB, but under joint CIA–FBI control. In 1975, after nine years in this role, Shadrin flew to Vienna for a meeting with KGB operatives, then disappeared without a trace. His fate is still unknown and the CIA won't discuss the matter.

Five years ago, Paisley was involved in the agency-wide search for the mole (apparently the same investigation that looked into Angleton's performance). A report on this project was given to then CIA Director Colby in 1974, and soon after, Paisley was retired, Angleton was ousted, and Shadrin disappeared. One intelligence source theorized to the *Sun*, "Paisley may have gotten caught in the middle. Maybe he learned who the mole was. Or maybe he stumbled across some piece of information which might have led to the mole—and which made him an instant liability."

■ Why did Paisley retire from the CIA at 50, only to continue his top-secret work from the outside? Was his 1974 retirement voluntary or was he an anti-Nosenko loser, eased out of counterintelligence action with the rest of the Angleton side? According to the *Wilmington News Journal*, a former CIA official who was involved in Watergate recently said, "You have to examine that retirement very closely. He no more retired in 1974 than did E. Howard Hunt. The key to the Paisley case is the retirement."

■ What does it mean that the CIA embraces Nosenko?

The least horrifying possibility is that the Colby-Turner-Hart faction knows Nosenko lied, but thinks he lied to tell the truth. If this was the case, he was not a bona fide defector, but a hand-picked KGB messenger, trained in his message, and then sent to say, "We didn't kill Kennedy." But the Russians' ploy failed to convince Angleton, who is still persuaded that Oswald was a KGB-controlled agent.

It is an innocuous, but complicated explanation: The Russians didn't kill Kennedy—Angleton was wrong; Nosenko *was* a plant—Angleton was right. But there is no other mole—Nosenko, was, in effect, the mole. The CIA rupture has been caused by an internal conflict over how to interpret the data. The leaders who gained control in 1974 have decided to cover the whole thing up to save the CIA and the nation from an embarrassing misunderstanding.

The worst case would be that the CIA *is* totally infested with moles who have turned things inside out.

As for the Paisley case, Fensterwald now sums it up this way: "Anyone who looks at the facts is hard pressed to believe it was a suicide. And it was not a "jealous husband" type of murder. It seems to be an intelligence murder. And if it was, the chances of solving it are very slim. Everything that happens in those kinds of cases is shrouded in mist." ❑

"Everything that happens in this kind of case is shrouded in mist."

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THE REAL GRAIN ROBBERY

How U.S. agricultural policies rob the consumer, enrich the big corporations, and turn our farms to dust.

By MICHAEL MCMENAMIN

BOB BERGLAND IS A SURPRISED BUT happy man. Last winter, when thousands of angry farmers descended on Washington to protest the low grain prices resulting from their bumper crops of 1976, 1977, and 1978, the secretary of agriculture was the point man designated by the President to receive all the unfriendly fire. Bergland, a former representative from Minnesota who still owns a 600-acre wheat farm there, refused the farmers' demand that they be guaranteed the same high grain prices that had prevailed on the open market in the halcyon days of Nixon and Ford. Bluntly, he told them it was not the federal government's role to guarantee all farmers a profit. Unappeased, the farmers hanged Bergland in effigy.

By spring, things were not looking any better, either for grain farmers or for Bergland. Near-record harvests were being forecast for Kansas, threatening to depress further the price of wheat, which was then around $3 a bushel. And as reports came in from farm country with news of Carter's dwindling popularity, Bergland's political future looked grim.

But by July Bergland was going around Washington telling anyone who would listen that he was now a "hero" of the farmers, one whom Jimmy Carter planned to rely on heavily in his reelection campaign.

How, in just two months, were Bob Bergland's political fortunes so magically transformed? Bergland, Carter, and their farm policy were rescued by the Russians.

Bergland can date his political rebirth to June 8, the day the Department of Agriculture lowered its estimate of Soviet grain production to a level of 170 million to 210 million metric tons. This level was approximately 25 percent lower than the Soviet goal for 1979 and far less than the record Soviet harvest of 237 million metric tons in 1978. In response to this announcement, the price of wheat rose within two weeks to $3.85 a bushel, and the price of wheat futures contracts for July jumped, at one point, to $4.86 a bushel. Even after their peak, wheat futures stayed well above the magic $4-a-bushel mark. For American farmers faced with a near-record harvest and a continuation of the depressed prices of the past three years, the Russian misfortune was welcome news. And for an administration facing political attack on all fronts, it was a needed relief.

But the new surge of grain exports to the Soviet Union will not bring any relief to the real victims of American agricultural policy. High grain prices may make farmers happy, but they don't go over well in the supermarkets. Fortunately for the Carter administration, consumers and taxpayers don't sit in at the secretary of agriculture's office, let animals loose on the steps of the Capitol, or block the streets of Washington with their tractors. The Russian grain purchases this year may have rescued farmers and the Carter administration, but they leave intact America's agricultural policies and the problems those policies create.

Since 1972, the prosperity of American grain farmers has literally depended on the level of their exports to the Soviet Union, whose needs have become the single largest annual variable in the world grain trade. The Soviet Union first began making major purchases in the West in 1962, when it bought over a million metric tons of Canadian and Australian wheat. Wisconsin Senator William Proxmire called it trading with the enemy but others disagreed, and a year later, John F. Kennedy authorized the sale of eleven million metric tons of U.S. wheat to Russia. Prior to 1963, the Soviet Union had consistently been a net grain exporter. After a poor harvest in 1963, the Soviets became, on an irregular basis, a net importer of grain. By 1970, Russian net grain imports were six million tons. These imports were not for human consumption, but for

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livestock feed—to implement a major policy decision to increase the per capita consumption of meat in the Soviet Union.

The decision to increase Soviet meat consumption was not widely known in the West, and in 1972 when the Soviet Union bought nineteen million metric tons there was chaos in world grain markets. The Russians, however, were clever: They negotiated privately and separately with the major grain-trading companies and paid an average price of only $1.62 a bushel for U.S. wheat during 1972–73, according to University of Chicago economist Gale Johnson, and that was a subsidized price *below* the domestic price in the United States. The way it worked was that grain companies would buy the wheat from U.S. farmers at the market price here (kept artificially high by price supports) and then sell it to the Russians at a loss. The Department of Agriculture would then reimburse the grain companies for the difference. As news of the Russian purchases became known, the domestic price went higher, the USDA subsidies to the grain companies increased, and the Russians, having bought their wheat in advance, kept paying the same low average of $1.62 a bushel. Without the USDA subsidies, the grain companies simply would not have risked selling so much grain at such a low price to the Soviets. With the USDA safety net, however, it was a no-risk deal.

ESSENTIALLY, WHAT THE SOVIETS WERE doing in 1972 was playing the futures market with inside knowledge. They knew they needed nineteen million metric tons of grain; they knew such massive purchases would drive the world price up; hence they purchased massive forward commitments at the prevailing world price. This was popularly referred to at the time as "The Great Grain Robbery," a phrase perpetuated by *Washington Post* reporter Dan Morgan in his recent book, *Merchants of Grain*. While Morgan focuses on the five privately held companies that dominate the world grain trade, it is not difficult to ascertain just who the "robbers" really were in 1972. Despite Morgan's characterization of the Russians as "robbers," they were merely buying wheat at the world market price—with gold, not guns. The grain companies were merely selling the wheat at the world market price (a USDA-subsidized price, to be sure, but then the grain companies' profits on the Russian sales depended more upon volume than they did on price anyway). By the process of elimination, therefore, only one suspect remains—the USDA itself. Morgan appears to agree: ". . . the real negligence of 1972 has as much to do with long-standing policies as with the conduct of officials in power. When the Russian 'robbers' came to open the door of the American granary, they did not find it bolted and secure. They found the Americans pushing from the other side."

In the Great Grain Robbery of 1972, the real culprit was not the Soviets, but the USDA.

The Americans were still pushing when the Soviets returned in 1975 and purchased a new record twenty-five million metric tons of grain on the world market. But since 1972, the world wheat price had finally caught up with the American domestic price, and the United States had changed the rules of the game to keep the Soviets from buying at advantageous prices. As a result the Russians, with their forward purchases, paid an average of $5.65 a bushel, while the average export price of wheat during the first half of 1975 was only $3.93 a bushel.

The reason the Russians were able to buy all that grain in 1972 and 1975 is the story of American agriculture in this century—chronic overproduction and surplus. In wheat alone, we export fully two-thirds of our crop each year. To understand this problem, consider the state of agriculture between the Civil War and World War I, a period of immense growth in the American economy. Agriculture shared in that growth: The number of farms tripled, the number of acres of farmland doubled, and net farm income increased more than fourfold. Despite this growth, two stark figures stand out. Farm population decreased from 60 percent to 35 percent of the national total population, and agriculture's share of the national income dropped from 31 percent to 22 percent. In other words, agriculture did not keep pace with the rest of the economy.

This is one of the central facts in agricultural politics in this century—the inevitable redistribution of people from agriculture to other occupations, caused by the increasing industrialization of American society. The farm population in this country has been in a steady decline since the late nineteenth century; that decline continues today. This fact is essential to an understanding of governmental policies in agriculture because organized farm interests and their supporters have long used it as one of their major arguments to persuade politicians to pass subsidies for farmers. Look at all the farmers going out of business, farmers argue; if government doesn't do something to help them, no one will be left to produce the food.

Nobel prize–winning economist F. A. Hayek has observed that government farm subsidies receive popular support because of the erroneous belief that *all* of agriculture, not only its less productive sector, is unable to earn an adequate income. Hayek has written that increases in agricultural productivity, combined with the general inelastic demand for food in an advanced industrial civilization, mean that if farmers are to maintain their average income, marginal farmers must leave the land. Nevertheless, so long as such a readjustment in the agricultural population takes place, there is no reason why those efficient farmers remaining in agriculture should not continue to benefit economically as much as the rest of society. Hayek suggests that the natural reluctance of marginal farmers to shift to other occupations causes the market price of agricultural products to fall "much lower before the necessary readjustments [are] effected than they would have to do permanently."

Marginal farmers will not be induced to leave farming unless their agricultural incomes decline relative to what they could earn in town. If enough marginal farmers hang on and continue to produce, the greater farm production that results will naturally lead to overall lower prices. Yet the lower prices will never be low enough to drive efficient, successful farmers off the farm.

Nevertheless, this myth that all farmers are unable to earn adequate incomes has served as the core of all government agricultural policies in this century, whether federal price

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supports for grain or federal regulation of milk. Yet all the government subsidies have not been able to keep most marginal farmers in business. People today continue to leave farming, just as they have throughout this century.

Meanwhile, the government continues its subsidies of various types to agriculture, and one has to wonder who is benefiting from them. Certainly not the consumers or taxpayers; they are paying for them, both in higher taxes and higher food prices. Certainly not marginal farmers; they are still going out of business.

In fact, only successful farmers benefit from the government subsidies. The ones who need the subsidies the least benefit the most. This is because subsidies are given in a nondiscriminatory fashion to all farmers, rich and poor alike, based on their total production. Successful farmers invariably have larger farms, more crops, bigger herds than marginal farmers. Their share of government subsidies is proportionately far greater. Meanwhile marginal farmers, because of their small and inefficient farms, barely manage to stay in business.

As for the politics of all this, the secret is to make Congress believe that *all* farmers are marginal and in imminent danger of going out of business. That hasn't been hard to do.

Franklin D. Roosevelt and Congress moved quickly in the thirties to shore up all of agriculture and left us with the farm program we still had in the early seventies—commodity price supports, acreage allotment restrictions, and export subsidies to take care of the inevitable surplus.

There was much talk during the Nixon-Ford administration that Secretary of Agriculture Earl Butz had ended the chronic surpluses of the past forty years by turning to market-oriented policies. Mostly it was just talk—and a lot of coincidence. While Butz, to his credit, did temporarily help end acreage allotments and marketing quotas, what really shrank the American farm surplus from 1972 through 1975 was a combination of increased Russian demand, several poor harvests elsewhere, and a devalued dollar, which made American agricultural products competitive overseas for the first time in a generation. Price supports were also kept low during Butz's term as agriculture secretary, and he encouraged farmers to plant "fence post to fence post" to meet the growing demand of the world market during that period. Commercial agricultural exports grew from less than $7 billion in 1971 to over $20 billion in 1975. At one point, wheat was bringing over $5 a bushel.

The new farm prosperity, however, was precariously dependent upon demand in the world market. By the end of 1976, a combination of good harvests here and abroad had brought a return of the chronic American farm surplus, with wheat prices as low as $1.93 a bushel in Oklahoma. By May 1977, wheat had dropped to $1.71 a bushel in Kansas.

In retrospect, Butz's knowledge of how a free market operates was no better than his taste in ethnic humor. Butz and the USDA deliberately encouraged American farmers to overproduce to meet the temporary demands of the volatile world market. Encouraged by the USDA, upon which they had always relied, and lulled by the high farm prices during this unusual period, American farmers complied. When world demand suddenly dropped, so did grain prices. The result was the grain farmers' tractorcades in Washington in 1977 and 1978.

There is no question that marginal farmers were in serious trouble during this time. But so were larger farmers who had overextended themselves during the four boom years. They bought more land at higher prices and more equipment to farm the new land, all with money borrowed at high interest rates and secured by mortgages on their farms. Rather than let the market shake out those large farmers who had shown such poor judgment, Jimmy Carter and Bob Bergland—farmers both—did the only thing they knew how to do. By pretending that all farmers were in trouble, not just a few, they proposed, and Congress agreed, to return to the New Deal–era farm policies that had long made American agricultural production a glut on the world market: high support prices (although not high enough for most farm-state legislators) and a return to acreage allotments and set-asides, i.e., payments for not producing.

Those legislators naive enough to think that the Carter-Bergland legislation was designed only to help small family

Earl Butz's knowledge of the free market was no better than his taste in ethnic humor.

farms survive learned differently when they offered an amendment to make ineligible for support payments any person holding equity in real or personal property in excess of $150,000. With the support of Carter and Bergland, the amendment was soundly defeated by the Democratic leadership. Another amendment to limit to $100,000 the total annual amount payable to individual farmers in non-recourse price-support "loans" was similarly defeated. (These "loans" never have to be repaid. If a farmer defaults, the Commodity Credit Corporation simply takes his grain, which he has pledged as a security, at the support-price level.)

THE UNINTENDED CONSEQUENCES OF the policies of the last forty years are starting to catch up with us. In a recent article in the *Atlantic Monthly*, William Tucker documents some of the more serious side effects of our farm policies. Tucker writes that soil erosion and soil fertility are becoming major problems in the Midwest. "Hardpan" soil conditions—cement-like soil that has gradually lost both organic matter and the capacity to absorb water—have been reported to be at least two feet deep in some areas of Kansas and Nebraska.

The underlying cause of this is the USDA's attempt to regulate agriculture through its price supports and production controls. Farmers set aside as much acreage as the USDA requires, and then attempt to increase their yield on the remaining acres. The resulting increase in productivity by American farmers in the last forty years has been nothing short of phenomenal. But to achieve that production record, farmers in the Midwest engage in continuous cropping on their lands, planting the same big-money crop, corn or wheat, for example, year after year. To achieve these greater yields they have to use enormous quantities of chemical fertilizers. Since continuous cropping makes crops more vulnerable to insects and weeds, they also have to use huge amounts of

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pesticides and herbicides.

When continuous cropping results in hardpan conditions, deeper plows and bigger tractors are needed to turn the soil. The bigger tractors, however, compact the soil even more, compounding the problem. Since hardpan soil does not have the same capacity to absorb water, more rain runs off the land. This makes crops particularly vulnerable during dry seasons, when the land needs to soak up all the moisture it can. The solution for this is more machinery—in this case, "center-pivot" irrigation (quarter-mile-long scaffolds that pivot around a central well to spray water on crops), a technique

Farmers are happy, but it's the consumers and taxpayers who are paying for this joy.

that Tucker calls "a lawn sprinkling system raised to the level of a national agricultural policy." Irrigation also requires a significant capital investment.

The vicious circle is complete when the burden of paying for all that machinery, fertilizer, and pesticides makes it increasingly difficult for many farmers to make a profit when prices are low. Then the government "rescues" the farmers by reinstituting the very policies that caused the problem in the first place.

DISPOSING OF THE SURPLUS THAT HAS inevitably resulted from the USDA's policies has had other unintended consequences, most notably in foreign policy. Public Law 480, passed in 1954, is a foreign-aid program ostensibly designed to combat world hunger. In reality, its purpose was to dispose of the huge surplus rather than having it rot in storage facilities. To the extent the surplus has been used to combat famine, this has been a worthwhile humanitarian program. Too often, however, the program has been used to dump the American surplus abroad at less than market prices, often discouraging or distorting agricultural development in the recipient countries. Public Law 480 has also been used politically, particularly in South Vietnam and Cambodia during the later years of the war. Chile also felt the political impact when Nixon cut off PL 480 loans after Allende took power; the loans and food shipments were resumed when the junta deposed Allende. And resuming PL 480 loans and shipments was an essential element of Kissinger's diplomatic strategy with Egypt after the 1973 war with Israel.

The temporary world shortage of grain during the early seventies had Earl Butz talking in 1975 of "agripower" as an important U.S. "weapon" in world politics. Even Henry Kissinger was entranced by it. One high-level State Department official was quoted by *Business Week* as saying, "We have the food and the hell with the rest of the world."

Some weapon. The theory was deceptively simple. The United States was to grain as OPEC was to oil. Those who didn't play our game could starve. But the instant food experts at the State Department and the would-be Metternichs at USDA overlooked one fact: U.S. food power had never worked. For years, we maintained a total embargo on all goods, including food, shipped to China, Cuba, North Korea, and North Vietnam. As a result perhaps these countries did not thrive, but mass starvation did not occur and their policies did not change either.

Henry Kissinger found out in 1975 how weak a food weapon he had when Under Secretary of State Charles Robinson attempted to negotiate a deal with the Soviet Union whereby they would sell us ten million tons of oil a year at a substantial discount from the world price in exchange for our allowing them to buy wheat from us at whatever price the market would bear. Strangely, the Soviets didn't think this was much of a bargain. They asked the United States to pay the market price for oil and melodramatically suggested they would starve before agreeing to what they considered international blackmail. The United States backed down and the Russians agreed to purchase a minimum of six million metric tons of U.S. grain a year for five years, with an option to purchase two million more each year without prior U.S. approval. They would be permitted to purchase additional grain each year only with U.S. consent, and they agreed to supply the USDA with advance notice of their grain harvests. As a face-saving gesture, the Soviets also agreed to talk some more with us about oil. No agreement for below-cost oil was ever reached, however.

At secret meetings in London last August, Bob Bergland authorized the sale to the Soviet Union of another ten million metric tons of wheat during the next fourteen months, on top of fifteen million metric tons of wheat and corn already purchased. While grateful, the Russians refused to indicate how much of the additional wheat they would buy, which is understandable, for the plain fact is that Jimmy Carter needs the Russians and their purchasing power more than they need him and his grain. The Russians can always tighten their belts and eat less meat if the United States attempts to use its grain as leverage; they will survive. But Jimmy Carter could well lose the Iowa precinct caucuses in early 1980 if farm prices are as low then as they were this spring. And his chance at another four years at the public's expense might not survive such a blow.

Right now, however, almost everyone is happy. Carter is pleased because his agriculture secretary is no longer being hanged in effigy in the Midwest. Bob Bergland is overjoyed because he still has his job. The Soviet Union is satisfied because its people can keep eating meat. Farmers are grinning because wheat is over $4 a bushel. The grain companies are glad because the more grain they sell, the more money they make. Farm-implement and fertilizer companies are gratified because the more grain planted as a result of USDA policies, the more of their products they sell. The pesticide and herbicide companies are pleased because continuous cropping increases the demand for their products. The only ones who have no reason to be happy are the ones picking up the tab for all this joy—American consumers and taxpayers.

Not to worry. Stuart Eizenstat undoubtedly has a memorandum already on its way to Carter suggesting that the President attack food processors and other "middlemen" as the real culprits for the increasing price of food. If that doesn't work, he can blame the Russians. And if all else fails, he can blame the ultimate scapegoat, the American people. They eat too much food anyway, just as they use too much oil.

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THE GHOST WRITER, by Philip Roth. Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 179 pp., $8.95.

The middle years

MARK KRUPNICK

FROM HIS FIRST BOOK, *Goodbye, Columbus* (1959), to *The Professor of Desire* (1977), Philip Roth has been an autobiographical novelist who rarely strayed far from home. *Portnoy's Complaint* (1969) is the most famous of these autobiographical fictions and the one that established Roth with the general reading public. Since then he has written two more novels—*My Life as a Man* (1974) and *The Professor of Desire*—which have the same hero covering essentially the same ground. The life history of Roth's hero—variously named Portnoy, Kepesh, Zuckerman, Tarnopol—to the reader is by now almost as familiar as his own: adolescent literary and sexual ambition; disastrous marriage and the violent accidental death of his estranged wife; and, subsequently, guilt, impotence, and emotional convalescence with a sequence of sweet but ultimately unsatisfactory mistresses.

The Ghost Writer is part of this series. Like a nineteenth-century novelist, Roth brings back an old friend, Nathan Zuckerman, to play the author's younger self. Nathan will be familiar to Roth's readers as the erotically frolicsome hero of a short story called "Salad Days," which was first published in the magazine *Modern Occasions* in 1970 and forms the opening section of *My Life as a Man*.

Nathan is the narrator, in the first person, of *The Ghost Writer*. He has fashioned a novel, really a *nouvelle*, from diary notes scribbled down in 1956, when he made a pilgrimage to meet his literary idol, E. I. Lonoff. Lonoff's spare and mordant fables of "thwarted, secretive, imprisoned souls" spoke to Zuckerman then because they seemed "a response to the same burden of exclusion and enclosure that so oppressed the lives of those who had raised me, and that had informed our relentless household obsession with the status of the Jews."

That obsession—and Roth's obsession with exorcising the obsession—informs *The Ghost Writer* to the extent that it is a novel of Nathan's moral and aesthetic education. Lonoff is Nathan's spiritual father, but the young man—he is 23 and Lonoff 56 when they meet—also has a real father, a foot doctor who frets that his son's short stories may prove a scandal for the Jews. Although the Zuckermans live comfortably in Newark, New Jersey, they raise their son "as in an endangered shtetl," as if a moment's relaxation of vigilance may lead to the gas ovens. Nathan's stories, fictionalized accounts of family experiences, cause his parents and others to stigmatize him as a Jewish Goebbels.

When Mrs. Zuckerman warns her son about the perpetual precariousness of the Jews living among strangers,

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Nathan protests as Alexander Portnoy had before him:

> Ma, you want to see physical violence done to the Jews of Newark, go to the office of the plastic surgeon where the girls get their noses fixed. That's where the Jewish blood flows in Essex County, that's where the blow is delivered—with a mallet. . . .

This is familiar stuff. Roth does this kind of comedy well, but it's not clear why he needs to do it again. Fortunately, his new novel is not primarily about Nathan's nickel miseries. In *The Ghost Writer* Nathan is mostly a point of view, a window onto characters more interesting than himself. Lonoff stands in his proud otherness at the center of the novel, and he is definitely something new for Roth.

Roth is writing about what art makes of those who live by and for it: It turns them into ghosts.

Lonoff is the quintessential writer of the American 1950s, the artist of conscience triumphant. His grand theme is renunciation, his stories "visions of terminal restraint." In Lonoff's fables every impulse toward liberation is summarily extinguished. This makes him the antitype of Roth himself, whose fictions since *Portnoy's Complaint* have been a release for him of all those life energies smothered in the writing of the earlier generation of Jewish writers. Lonoff is some years older than Saul Bellow and Bernard Malamud, but his stories suggest the same post–World War II depressive mood as their early novels, *The Victim* and *The Assistant*.

Lonoff, as Nathan remembers him, is "the picture of the chief rabbi, the archdeacon, the magisterial high priest of perpetual sorrows." His religion is the religion of art, to which his life is totally sacrificed. This self-abnegation is what young Nathan can't understand when he first meets the older man. Nathan is sure Lonoff's life must contain a secret, for the young acolyte is a melodramatist of the imagination. The joke is that the cost of Lonoff's greatness is nothing less than everything. As his wife complains, "*Not* living is what he makes his beautiful fiction out of."

The Ghost Writer is about art and what it makes of those who live by and for it: It turns them into ghosts. Nathan is a wraith in search of a spiritual father. He has a sister ghost in Amy Bellette, a woman of 27 who is visiting the Lonoffs. Although the story is vague on this point, Amy seems to be some kind of uprooted European, possibly a victim of World War II, who after the war had been Lonoff's student at Athene College and had fallen in love with him. The most important thing about her is that, like Nathan, she wants to be a writer.

She wants Lonoff's recognition and love, just as Nathan does. To make the great man love her she struggles to become his muse, to invade his imagination. Because she can't accomplish this by her writing, which is good but not brilliant, she transforms her life into a mystery. She gives out intimations that cause Nathan to hallucinate an extraordinary past for her as the real, historical Anne Frank. The world believes that the real Anne Frank died at Belsen. Amy, in his delusion, becomes Anne's ghost, and he imagines she has written Anne's diary.

In drawing on material from the Holocaust, Roth is less concerned with the usual Holocaust themes of the nature of evil, or behavior in extreme circumstances, than with the fact that Amy and Anne were writers. Amy says she has taken her last name from "Little Beauty," as she was called by English nurses at an army field hospital just after the war. And Amy, she explains, is a character from *Little Women*, her favorite book as a child. But Philip Roth may be suggesting something else by her name, which sounds very much like "aimer belles-lettres." Amy's is an extreme case of the effects of loving belles-lettres (literature).

Everybody in *The Ghost Writer* turns his or her life into literature. Nathan lies on the daybed in Lonoff's study spinning masturbatory fantasies about his idol and Amy together. Sexual frustration is the source of *his* art. Even poor Hope Lonoff makes dramatic fictions, created out of her oppression as a woman married to a man who is married to his art. She takes advantage of Nathan's visit—he becomes her audience—to make terrible scenes. In marvelously comic speeches she appeals to her self-denying husband to give in, for once, to temptation and to run off, as he has dreamt of doing, with Amy. Lonoff, who is sensitive to bad art, tells her to cut out the playacting. His classical taste is as offended by his wife's melodrama as by the romantic illusions of his young disciples.

Roth's chief model for this fable about art and life is Henry James. In *The Ghost Writer* Roth refers several times to James's story "The Middle Years," in which the artist-hero makes this famous declaration of his credo: "We work in the dark—we do what we can—we give what we have. Our doubt is our passion, and our passion is our task. The rest is the madness of art." It's a great passage and might serve as the epigraph to the present work.

It's not only "The Middle Years" that has gone into the making of *The Ghost Writer*. It's also other Jamesian fictions about artists and the artistic imagination. Nathan is a version of the literary acolyte in James's "The Figure in the Carpet," and he fantasizes about Lonoff's sex life the way the governess fantasizes about her master in "The Turn of the Screw." The idea in all these instances is that art has its origins in bafflement: baffled curiosity and baffled desire.

In *The Ghost Writer* the central metaphor for the artist's condition is the claustrophobic attic in which Anne Frank kept her diary. Nathan keeps reminding us that the Dutch title of Anne Frank's book is *Het Achterhuis*, "The House Behind." That's where all Roth's ghost writers dwell. They are immured in their various cages. In this they are also like the "hunger artist" of Kafka's story, a virtuoso of fasting who makes art out of his own innards until he has exhausted his substance and dies of starvation. The hunger artist makes an art out of dying to instinctual life. He can't make use of the ordinary food that nourishes *l'homme moyen sensuel*. The condition of his aesthetic virtuosity is his renunciation of the flesh.

THIS IS WHAT IT MEANS to be a ghost writer. Amy and Nathan are apprentice ghosts, the young woman's shattered past a counterpoint to Nathan's bittersweet Newark boyhood. What they have in common is their hurt. Roth makes comedy out of this depressive material, but it always remains clear that for him the artist is a victim who can know himself

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nly in his creations.

Lonoff is the central instance of the rtist immured in the cage of his imaginngs. Alas, to know oneself in one's creaions is not necessarily to be free, and Nathan's narrative captures nicely the ragicomic spectacle of the master lragged down in life by the obsessional cruples that make the success of his art. The spectacle of Lonoff's self-denials constitutes young Nathan's initiation nto the mysteries of the artist's life. The younger man sees the waste of spirit in Lonoff's fussiness and fastidiousness, but he sees also that out of the desolation created by an intractable superego Lonoff has been able to "wrestle the blessing of his fiction."

As *The Ghost Writer* is Nathan's homage to Lonoff, so is it also Roth's gesture of accommodation to the world of his literary fathers. The chief objection of the older generation of Jewish writers and critics to *Portnoy's Complaint* and its sequels has concerned Roth's celebration of the anarchical and appetitive self, a self unattached to any inhibiting cultural tradition and motivated chiefly by what Irving Howe has called a "psychology of unobstructed need." This criticism has some point: The egotism, or solipsism, of Roth's novels has deprived them of density and resonance, and his tone of personal grievance ("complaint") has often been tiresome. Roth implicitly acknowledges the criticism in this new work, in which Lonoff is praised for such un-Portnoyesque qualities as modesty, austerity, and objectivity. What Nathan cherishes in Lonoff is his "relentless winnowing out of the babyish, preening, insatiable self."

Roth is clearly straining to be more "Chekhovian," which is to say less complaining and larger hearted. There is, however, no danger of his turning into a sentimentalist. Lonoff may be the high priest of art, but in his life as a man he is comically futile. The great difficulty of *The Ghost Writer* grows out of this mixture of homage and irony. Roth, or Nathan—it's impossible to separate the two—is, finally, a little too unresolved in his attitude to Lonoff, with the result that our picture of the old Jewish writer is a little blurry.

Let's recall that ten years ago Roth used to distinguish himself from the generation of Bellow and Malamud, insisting that he was a Jewish freak, not a Jewish sage. This was always an affectation—Roth was always closer in sensibility to Saul Bellow than to, say, Abbie Hoffman. Now, at 46, freakiness has lost its charm, even as a pose, and Roth is clearly making a claim for literary respectability. But he remains ambivalent on the matter, ironic toward himself no less than toward the fathers, and unsettled about where he wants to come down in the struggle between dignity and desire.

CIVILIZATION AND DISCONTENTED sons: For a writer the conflict presents itself in terms of literary generations. Lonoff observes that Nathan is a very different kind of artist from himself. The younger man's talent is for "turbulence," rather than restraint, and it is part of his gift to Nathan that Lonoff accepts Nathan in his difference. One of the novel's best moments occurs near the end, when an amused Lonoff tells Nathan, "You're not so nice and polite in your fiction." Lonoff knows, more than Nathan himself, what Nathan is. The older man has none of the younger one's illusions about the moral status of the artist as a type. He knows that all during his visit Nathan has been making notes on Lonoff's domestic embarrassments for

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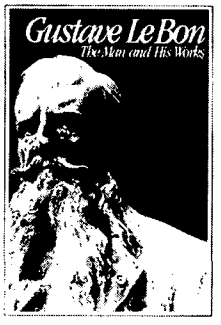

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the sake of a future book. No, Nathan is not so nice and polite, nor as sweet as his name Zuckerman suggests. What he is is an artist, which is to say omnivorous and something of a monster, ready to turn even his benefactor's desolation into literary farce.

The Ghost Writer pays homage to Lonoff the hunger artist, the selfless priest of the religion of art. But it is also Philip Roth's homage to his own younger self, who was less a version of the hunger artist than of the turbulent, carnivorous panther put in the hunger artist's cage after the virtuoso dies of not eating, of too much winnowing out of the insatiable self. Roth seems to be entering a new, more classical phase of his career, in which hysterical self-insistence gives ground to a more objective, more public art. But his tenderness toward Nathan suggests a wish to hold onto youthful desire so that he will not become too dry in his middle years. There is a new "Russian" resignation in *The Ghost Writer*, but there's plenty yet of the old Adam in the new Roth.

BAY OF PIGS: The Untold Story, by Peter Wyden. Simon & Schuster, 352 pp., $12.95.

Dress rehearsal for defeat

BARTON J. BERNSTEIN

*VICTORY HAS A HUN*dred fathers and defeat is an orphan," a chastened and bitter John F. Kennedy acknowledged in April 1961, after the debacle at the Bay of Pigs. Most of the Cuban brigade had been killed or captured, a deceived Ambassador Adlai Stevenson had been caught misinforming the UN, and Richard Nixon had castigated Kennedy for not committing American troops to the battle; JFK sardonically remarked that a book on his luckless administration might be entitled, *Kennedy: The Only Years*. Publicly admitting that America had sponsored the ill-fated invasion, the President vowed privately he would never again so trust the military and intelligence experts, and he ordered his associates not to criticize openly the decisions leading to the bloody debacle.

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Wyden's tale is a jumble of vignettes and anecdotes, the journalism of artless contrivance.

But word soon leaked that the administration had not been united. Both Chester Bowles, then undersecretary of state, and J. William Fulbright, chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, had raised basic moral and political objections, and two White House aides, Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., and Richard Goodwin, had expressed narrower doubts. Both the CIA and the Joint Chiefs claimed, unofficially, that JFK was largely responsible for the failure: He had sliced the size of the invasion, shifted it from a safer place to the Bay of Pigs, reduced the first air strike (against Castro's planes), cancelled the second strike, then belatedly allowed American planes to assist the embattled Cubans while refusing to commit American troops to the battle.

Various émigré leaders, feeling betrayed by Kennedy, lashed out at the CIA as well: The agency had lied to them (promising American troops), concealed the date of the invasion (vitiating their call for revolution in Cuba), fouled up the logistics, supplied faulty equipment, ignored their warnings, and relied unduly upon the Batista supporters among them.

Over the years, various memoirists and journalists, including Schlesinger, Theodore Sorenson, Lyman Kirkpatrick of the CIA, Haynes Johnson, Stewart Alsop, Tad Szulc and Karl Meyer, and David Wise and Thomas Ross, have uncovered much about the invasion project. Conceived by the CIA in early 1960 and endorsed by Eisenhower, the original scheme was more modest: The CIA would recruit and train an émigré guerrilla force to be sent in small groups to Cuba to help organize a counterrevolution. When this infiltration scheme broke down, Richard Bissell, head of the CIA's "dirty tricks" division, redesigned the project to feature air strikes on Castro's air force and a large-scale amphibious invasion, designed to trigger the revolution and set up a new government.

From Ike's administration Kennedy inherited both this plan and a Cuban exile force being trained by the CIA in Guatemala. To the new President, the project was tempting. He strongly wanted to eliminate Castro's government, and he was afraid not to sanction the invasion. How could the guerrilla force in Guatemala be disposed of otherwise? Wouldn't the CIA and the émigrés embarrass him politically at home? To try to conceal American sponsorship, he reduced the size of the venture (he did not want a "World War II landing") and hoped to avoid international recriminations—even though rumors about the project were rife in Miami and he knew that reporters had discovered it. Only the use of White House prestige—or fear of injuring national security—had kept the *New Republic* and the *New York Times* from featuring stories on the venture.

Since so much is known, why another lengthy study of the Bay of Pigs? It can't be easily justified by the author's three likely purposes: Telling a good story well (he doesn't), disclosing valuable material (he adds useful pieces), and offering a new analysis (he provides smidgens). This widely ballyhooed, loosely documented volume, a Book-of-the-Month Club selection, has garnered exaggerated praise.

WYDEN, A JOURNALIST and now a book publisher, wants to tell a lively tale, rich in human drama. The result, unfortunately, is a jumble of vignettes and anecdotes, a tangled narrative of events, and too much of it: "While Manuel was scrubbing the floor in Havana, Kennedy was meeting with. . . ." It is a journalism of artless contrivance, the kind of writing that smacks excessively of Jim Bishop and Harold Robbins.

Wyden used some declassified materials and interviewed more than a hundred people including Bissell and other former CIA officials, Castro (who allegedly said that Wyden "knows more about it than we do"), Cuban soldiers, Kennedy advisers, military brass, members of the invasion brigade, émigré leaders, and American mercenaries. As a result, he has pinned down related

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themes lurking in other studies: The plan was kept so secret that even key CIA officials were excluded, and Richard Helms, Bissell's assistant, had so many doubts about the scheme that he preferred not to be involved. Bissell, the shrewd and persuasive bureaucrat, never hinted to Kennedy that other experts saw flaws in the plan.

Wyden has also provided more detail on the facts that two American CIA officials, in apparent violation of JFK's orders, went ashore and fought with the brigade; and that some Alabama air national guardsmen, recruited by the CIA, actually flew missions in American planes during the invasion. Four guardsmen were killed.

Wyden has confirmed that Kennedy and his aides did not realize—and the CIA and the JCS never told them—that the mountains were so far (60 miles) from the Bay of Pigs that the invaders could not just "melt" into the mountains if the invasion failed. Yet, it was the expectation of this safety valve that helped make the venture so attractive to Kennedy. When he shifted the location of the invasion, he unknowingly lost this option and contributed to the disaster.

The author has also uncovered some choice tidbits: The CIA arrogantly ignored warnings that the dark objects in the photos of the bay might be coral reefs (on which the landing craft ran aground) and not seaweed; the CIA was unaware that Castro had vacationed often in the area and therefore could

skillfully deploy his forces over the backroads and bypaths; and the agency also did not know that there was a good radio system in the area that could speedily report the invasion to Havana.

The Joint Chiefs had concluded that the likelihood of "ultimate success" for the original Bissell plan was "fair." They never explained that this prediction meant, in their peculiar lexicon, "not too good," a 70 percent likelihood of failure. Wyden loosely implies that the Joint Chiefs shrewdly took refuge in ambiguity. They wanted to avoid a clash with the CIA but hoped also to preserve the option of claiming, if the invasion failed, that they had warned of the dangers. Perhaps they also hoped that Kennedy would reverse himself and commit American troops to the battle if the Cubans seemed to be losing. When Bowles asked Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara in late March whether the Bay of Pigs venture could succeed without American troops, he replied, according to Wyden, "It would be very doubtful."

BY CONCENTRATING SO ardently on detail and leaving analysis for the most part until the last (brief) chapter, Wyden has only nibbled at the basic question: Why did the plan fail? The answer, despite his claims, does not lie in unseen coral reefs, poor communications, lost ammunition ships, or even cancelled air strikes. Rather, even if the brigade had established a beachhead and Castro's air force had been destroyed, the predicted revolution still would not have occurred. Nearly 1500 Cubans would have been sitting in isolation on or near the 35-mile-long beach. How long could they have survived without American troops? Fundamentally, the flawed prediction of revolution was not simply a problem of poor intelligence-gathering but was rooted in ideology: Most American leaders could not admit that Castro was popular and that his militia and the citizenry would remain loyal.

Kennedy appointed a four-man panel consisting of General Maxwell Taylor, Attorney General Robert Kennedy, CIA Director Allen Dulles, and Admiral Arleigh Burke, chief of naval operations, to analyze why the venture failed. Dulles and Burke still clung to their ideologically inspired faith: "A local success by the landing party, coupled with [Cuban Expeditionary Force] aircraft overflying Cuba with visible control of the air, could well have caused a chain reaction of success throughout Cuba with resultant defection of some of the militia, increased support from the populace, and eventual success of the operation."

In yet another portion of their report of 1961, the members drew their own lessons from the debacle at the Bay of Pigs: ". . . we are in a life and death struggle [with international Communism] which we may be losing and will lose unless we change our ways." As three of the committee members warned, America must not let the principles of morality or the fears of allies restrain the administration from using force or subverting governments to win the Cold War. That year American military advisers began arriving in Vietnam.

HONG KONG: A Study in Economic Freedom, by Alvin Rabushka. University of Chicago Press, 129 pp., $10.00.

The city that works

JOHN O'SULLIVAN

THE CHAPTER ON THE fall of the rupee you may omit," Miss Prism tells Cecily in *The Importance of Being Earnest*. "It is somewhat too sensational for a young girl." Alas, it is not often that economics textbooks have to be kept from our children and retainers to save them from too much excitement. But there can be little doubt that Miss Prism would firmly steer her charge away from Rabushka's essays on the economic development of Hong Kong. Here is the Romance of Commerce in italics—a history of capitalist economic achievement from a starting point of zero, a tale so improbable and startling that, if it had not happened in real life, Ayn Rand would scarcely have dared to invent it.

Hong Kong enters history as a slab of uninhabited—and barely habitable—rock. In 1844, a few years after the British occupied it, the London *Times* offered this disparaging description: "The place has nothing to recommend it, if we except the excellent harbour. The site of the new town of Victoria . . . is most objectionable, there being scarcely level ground enough for the requisite buildings, and the high hills, which overhang the locality, shut out the southerly winds and render the place exceedingly hot, close and uncomfortable."

Since then, of course, Hong Kong has

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expanded into the new territories on the Chinese mainland, which it holds on a lease until 1997, and at present it covers 404 square miles. It must import 85 percent of its food, almost all its industrial raw materials, and all its capital equipment. It has negligible mineral wealth, has difficulty in ensuring an adequate water supply, and, on top of all this, has had to cope with a growth in population from 600,000 in 1946 to 4.4 million today.

Such economic data would depress even those perennial optimists at the World Bank. Yet, as we know, Hong Kong has enjoyed two different but successful economic careers. Until World War II it grew and prospered as a free port and entrepôt, facilitating and living off East-West trade. Banking, insurance, legal services, and other "invisibles" gradually developed on this trading and commercial base. Then, after 1945, and especially after the Chinese revolution dispatched skilled refugees into the Crown Colony, it became a major manufacturing center and an exporter of toys, textiles, and the like. Indeed, Rabushka estimates that between 1950 and 1964, Hong Kong's industrial production grew at an annual rate of at least 30 percent. As a result Hong Kong today enjoys the highest living standards in Asia outside of Japan. And for those who harbor a canny suspicion of comparative national income statistics, other indicators corroborate this: The infant mortality rate, for instance, fell from 99.6 per thousand live births in 1950 to 17.4 in 1974.

How has this remarkable economic success come about? Rabushka's analysis is likely to prove somewhat too sensational for the growing ranks of economic planners and administrative busybodies. *En passant* he notes that foreign aid has played no part in Hong Kong's development. After pointing out that real wages rose by almost 60 percent between 1964 and 1973, he observes that only 14 percent of the economically active population is enrolled in trade unions. Nor does the Hong Kong administration subsidize enterprises that cannot obtain the support of private investors, despite the familiar Whitehall argument that government is often more farsighted than "blind market forces." Instead it reigns lightly over what is the nearest approach to a laissez-faire regime that the modern world can boast.

SOME YEARS AGO THE Economist, itself seeking an explanation of the colony's prosperity, quoted a senior civil servant as claiming that Hong Kong was run on Victorian economic principles because "these are the only economic principles that have ever been shown to work." This empirical self-confidence is well illustrated by the utter absence of exchange-control regulations. Defending this policy Sir John Cowperthwaite, then the all-powerful financial secretary, argued succinctly: "We enjoy a considerable net inflow of capital, and I am sure that a condition of its coming is that it is free to flow out again." Experience confirms this judgment. It is a Victorian principle that works. Lesser breeds within the law of exchange control may like to reflect on why their own governments ignore this experience. Is it perhaps that they are not prepared to pursue general economic policies that would attract and retain capital voluntarily?

Hong Kong's success story is a tale so improbable that Ayn Rand wouldn't have dared to invent it.

Incidentally, the role of individual public servants in creating Hong Kong's prosperity should not be underestimated, fortuitous though such influences may sometimes be. Rabushka, who is clearly well-informed on the structure and the personalities of the colony's government in recent years, gives Sir John Cowperthwaite high praise throughout for his brilliant grasp of economic principles and his courageous readiness to apply them in defiance of the *Zeitgeist*. It is even said (though not by Rabushka) that Sir John long fended off the collection of dubious national income statistics on the perfectly sensible grounds that (a) they were usually inaccurate, and (b) despite this, they provided the political fuel for damn silly policies of economic intervention. That is political foresight of a high order. Most Western politicians do not possess this gift even in retrospect.

Under the influence of Sir John and his successor, Philip Haddon-Cave, the colony has pursued economic policies almost precisely the opposite of those hatched in Whitehall for British domestic consumption—so much so that Proposition 13 would be regarded as confiscatory in Hong Kong, which has the lowest standard rate of tax on earnings and profits of any industrial state. In addition, income from sources outside the colony is not subject to taxation at all. But, as Rabushka underlines, the result is "paradoxical but comforting." A narrow tax base and low standard rates of direct taxation facilitate rapid economic growth, which in turn generates high and ever-increasing tax yields. This is fiscal prudence with a smiling face. It has enabled the colony to avoid sustained deficit financing (there have been budgetary surpluses in twenty-eight of the last thirty-one years), to keep the level of inflation well below the level of comparable countries, and to build up large financial reserves.

In a faltering and tentative manner the present Tory government in Britain is attempting a mild imitation of this financial and taxation policy. But the argument is being put in opposition to it that such policies can only be sustained in nondemocratic states where government policies are not subject to electoral and political pressures for greater public spending. Well, we must wait and see about Britain. But the evidence from Hong Kong suggests that the mainly Chinese population is entirely content to prosper by its own devices and to leave the tiresome business of administration to the British colonial officers. Only 8 percent of those eligible bothered to register for voting rights in the Urban Council elections, and a mere 2 percent actually turned out on election day. Such apathy would hardly exist if the government were pursuing unpopular or oppressive policies. Hong Kong is a textbook illustration of the old proverb coined in prewar Malaya: "The Chinese don't care who owns the cow as long as they are allowed to milk it."

Which brings me to my one point of disagreement with Rabushka in a review generally confined to "Hear Hear" and "Quite so" and even, in Supreme-Soviet style, "Loud and prolonged cheering. All stand." In his final chapter, he surveys the histories of a number of city-state free ports, such as Delos and Alexandria in ancient times and Genoa and Antwerp in recent centuries, in an attempt to discover the conditions for their flourishing. His list of

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conclusions is illuminating. It includes, for instance, "economic resourcelessness necessitating a heavy dependence on external trade," "free port status of territories," "an ideology supportive of free trade and minimum government interference," and "competent financial administration."

Well and good. But is not the prosperity of Hong Kong connected in some ways with the qualities and aptitudes of the people living there? Overseas Chinese have shown themselves adept at exploiting available economic opportunities all over Southeast Asia, as well as in the United States and elsewhere. It is an interesting question as to whether the social and economic institutions of Hong Kong would produce as remarkable an economic achievement in, say, Latin America or Africa (though I do not doubt that they would prove more beneficial than the socialist policies that have reduced so many naturally rich and fertile Third World countries to the general condition of uninhabitable rock). Perhaps someone should forward Rabushka's name when there is next a vacancy for an economic adviser to Chad or El Salvador.

THERE REMAINS THE final teasing question of whether Hong Kong can long survive. It can, of course, withstand almost any economic storm that threatens. When I visited the colony just after the quintupling of oil prices in 1974, the Chinese businessmen were anxious lest the government should "protect" the resourceless economy against this blow by subsidies and intervention. Instead it wisely allowed what Haddon-Cave has called the "automatic corrective mechanism" to do its work. So, when demand for Hong Kong's exports declined, then unemployment rose, real wages fell, and there was a squeeze on costs and prices. Yet after only two years of recession, when other industrial countries were still floundering, Hong Kong's competitive position had been restored: Real gross domestic product increased by 18 percent in 1976, real wages rose to their previous peak and went on rising, exports increased by 51 percent, and unemployment fell sharply. Moreover, although the colony imports 100 percent of its fuel, this turnaround was achieved without an energy mobilization board, a windfall profits tax, or the moral equivalent of civil war.

If the colony could survive the most serious postwar international economic crisis without visible injuries, then it is unlikely to fall economically in the foreseeable future. But will the Chinese government allow it to remain as a colonialist and capitalist pimple on the fair face of socialism? Rabushka is an optimistic agnostic. He points to the substantial economic benefits that the Chinese mainland derives from Hong Kong, but concedes that nothing can be sensibly predicted of the political system that has produced in turn the Great Leap Forward, the Cultural Revolution, the Gang of Four, and the present insecure Thermidor. Hong Kong itself is, for the moment, taking the threat lightly. There was a joke going the rounds last year: The Chinese approached the then Labour government in Britain to assure it that Hong Kong's status, of benefit to both countries, could remain unchanged indefinitely. Only one condition was specified by the Chinese: There must be no socialistic interference with Hong Kong's unbridled capitalism.

At least I think it was a joke. ❑

GRASS ROOTS: Marijuana in America Today, by Albert Goldman. Harper and Row, 314 pp., $12.95.

Life after Paraquat

JEFF RIGGENBACH

NINETEEN SEVENTY-FOUR was a watershed year, economically speaking, for people who had been into marijuana since the 1960s. It was the last year in which you could buy a ten-dollar lid. It was the last year in which dealers could be heard extolling the virtues of strains like Oaxacan and Michoacan and Acapulco Gold. It was the last year before Paraquat.

These lasts were not purely coincidental, of course. It was the U.S. government's decision to spray Mexican marijuana fields with that most famous of all lethal herbicides that finally dealt the deathblow, beginning in 1975, to the already moribund dope industry south of the border. That industry had been dying for several years, ever since the Mexicans got greedy and violated one of Richard Nixon's pet taboos. As Albert Goldman tells it,

> The Mexicans made the grave mistake of adding to their traditional market in marijuana a lucrative business in heroin, which had burgeoned after a series of American diplomatic and police maneuvers cut off the customary sources in Turkey and Marseilles. The new trade in "Mexican Brown" brought down the heaviest kind of heat from the Nixon administration: paramilitary heat that stopped at nothing in its commandolike attacks on the "enemy." Intensive surveillance from the air coupled with heavily armed land expeditions plus the larger-scale dumping of Vietnam-type defoliants adds up to a pretty effective program of suppression. The poppies bloom in the same fields that produce the marijuana.

When the feds and the *federales* began dumping the ultimate defoliant on the fields in 1975, the death of the Mexican marijuana industry was virtually a foregone conclusion. But the international marijuana industry, of which the Mexican industry has been only a part, went on as healthily as ever—maybe even more so. It only changed its base of operation southwards, to Colombia.

Before 1975, Colombian had been for special occasions. It cost more than Mexican (and of course it was a lot better—in dope as in all else, you get what you pay for), and most people couldn't afford to buy it very frequently. By 1975, Colombian had become the Chevrolet or the IBM of the marijuana industry. The ten-dollar lid had given way to the fifty-dollar lid. And the smugglers who used to drive half-ton loads of dope across the border in beat-up station wagons began bringing it across the Caribbean in Cessnas and private yachts. Today, according to Goldman, the center of cultivation is the Guajira Peninsula of northeastern Colombia. "In the summer of 1977," he writes,

> the biggest marijuana plantation in the world was discovered smack in the middle of the Guajira. First reports marveled at the extent of the planting and the scientific technique of cultivation. Laid out with a surveyor's transit and fertilized with chemicals, 3,600 acres spread lush and green across a plain that is normally arable only during the brief rainy season. The *marimberos* [Colombian marijuana entrepreneurs] had installed diesel-driven pumps at the Tapias River and were irrigating the area—just as the United Fruit Company had taught them to do at the banana plantations in the neighboring state of Magdalena.

La Guajira boasts not only advanced agricultural technology, but also relatively advanced facilities for transporta-

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tion—given that the peninsula is remote, primitive, and inhabited entirely, albeit scantily, by Indians. La Guajira offers hundreds of small landing strips, some of which "receive so many planes, they are virtually airports."

This busy peninsula is the center of a clandestine business that now grosses an estimated $17 billion a year in the United States alone (the cigarette industry grosses only $16 billion) and means more to the Colombian economy than its famous coffee industry. Goldman describes the inner workings of the marijuana industry on all its various levels, and even lets the reader accompany him on a typical smuggling mission. In fact, fully half of this book about "marijuana in America today" is his professorial, middle-aged-gonzo report on the mission, bracketed by a preliminary chapter on the development of the marijuana industry in Colombia and a follow-up chapter on what the U.S. government is trying to do about it.

Another third is devoted to a mostly routine rehearsal of the by now familiar basic botanical, psychopharmacological, and historical facts about hemp: the sex differentiation of the plants; the enormous variation in THC content (THC being the psychoactive ingredient in marijuana) from plant to plant and crop to crop; the discovery in ancient times of the plant's mind-altering qualities; the experiments of Moreau, Gautier, and their circle in the Paris of the 1840s; the spread of the weed through the jazz subculture in the New Orleans of the pre–World War I era and the Harlem of

the 1920s; the ignorant, bigoted, racist antimarijuana campaign conducted during the 1930s by the commissioner of the Federal Bureau of Narcotics, Harry Anslinger; and the rediscovery of pot by the beats of the fifties and their spiritual sons and daughters, the hippies and counterculturists of the sixties.

All this information is recounted readably enough (though here and there the information is actually misinformation, as when Goldman tells us that "hemp was first brought under cultivation between 5,000 and 10,000 years ago in central Asia"—it was actually first cultivated more than 10,000 years ago by the pygmies in Africa and was apparently the first plant systematically cultivated by human beings). Only about one-sixth of *Grass Roots* is actually devoted to the topic of its subtitle, but, to Goldman's credit, he finds ways to make all the pages he's devoted to history and new journalism seem actually relevant to what is purportedly his main theme.

For example, "When you review the history of marijuana in Western civilization," he writes,

> one thing strikes you before all else; namely, how the drug has conformed with the spirit of the age no matter what the spirit or the age. For the French Romantics . . . [it] was the essence of the oriental sublime. . . . For the folks of the Jazz Age, marijuana was kicks, highs, jollies and good times. . . . For the hipsters of the Bop era, marijuana was a cool head, a long look . . . [an] aid to thought and reflection. With the Beats the pendulum swung back toward the exotic and the ecstatic . . . and the spacey age of Rock restored dope to its position as the food of thought, the drug for heads. . . .

Marijuana, Goldman argues, has always been "treated as if it were the cause of that of which it is purely effect. So the history of dope reduces eventually to the history of culture, and at last it becomes clear that instead of man being the slave of drugs, drugs are the slaves of man. Because wherever man's head lies in a given time, drugs will simply intensify that posture of the soul, whether it be active or contemplative, cool or ecstatic, hip or hippie."

This is not an original insight, of course (one may find it also in the books of Thomas Szasz and Edward Brecher, among others), but it is a useful one, and it leads Goldman where one might expect it to lead him: to the conviction that marijuana should be fully legalized. He briefly surveys the medical evidence and concludes that hemp is a "harmless euphoriant" and that "it is a violation of our civil liberties and the constitutionally endorsed right to the 'pursuit of happiness' to bar the drug from consumption on the same terms as its natural counterparts, alcohol and tobacco."

ALL THESE MORAL AND medical arguments aside, however, Goldman's chief exhibit in his case against the marijuana laws turns out to be contained in his seemingly garrulous and irrelevant description of dope smuggling between Colombia and the United States. Isn't it obvious, he asks, that the marijuana business of the 1970s as he had described it is "an astonishing replay of the bad old days of bootlegging"? The parallel, he argues, is exact in every detail: "the same tropical isles and banana ports. The same fast little contact boats and rusty old tramp steamers. The same old game of cat and mouse played between the smugglers and the Coast Guard." Then there are the "whole cities in thrall to criminal overlords, with crooked mayors and crooked police chiefs and crooked politicans in the nations' capitals," and the "new Capones and new Mafias no less blood-thirsty than their infamous prototypes gunning down their enemies en masse, just as they did in the days of the St. Valentine's Day Massacre." Altogether, Goldman insists, "the most important single benefit of the legalization of marijuana would be the wiping out of the marijuana underworld. The longer the present laws remain in effect, the more crime, violence, killing, social corruption and moral decay will be introduced into our society."

It isn't only the "marijuana underworld" whose villainy Goldman deplores, however; he also expresses contempt for many of the government officials whose jobs are created by the laws against marijuana and who feel no compunction about using any means whatever to stamp out the devil weed. He cites the Paraquat campaign as a particularly distressing example of government malfeasance, and compares it with the widespread poisonings that took place during alcohol prohibition, when drinkers consumed bootleg whiskey contaminated by deadly toxins. "The only important difference between the two cases," he writes, "is one of responsibility." The poisonous whiskey "was peddled by conscienceless criminals. Paraquat poisoning is the work of government officials whose sworn duty it is to protect your health."

Both these evils, Goldman argues, both the evil of the criminal underworld and the evil of their government opponents, may be avoided only by abolishing the laws that sustain them: "With the dreadful example of Prohibition before us, it seems nearly unthinkable that we should have done it again; taken some basic human craving and perverted it into a vast system of organized crime and social corruption. When will we learn that in a democracy it is for the people to tell the government, not for the government to tell the people, what makes them happy?"

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ART

Tut Tut?

LAURIE PROTHRO

IN THE WAKE OF THE Tutankhamun treasures that have by this time voyaged across America and been viewed by half the population, the inevitable memorabilia have surfaced. Fashion, entertainment, even education has registered Tut's remarkable influence on us. One museum, the Stanford University Art Gallery, put together a unique show on this latest wave of Egyptomania. The exhibition, which closed August 15, was called "Tut Tut." It traced the European and American responses to Egypt during the last two centuries to show how the present age has lost both the will and the ability to use the past constructively—indeed, to demonstrate the degeneration of the quality of our culture itself.

The Stanford exhibition moved chronologically from the first Egyptian revival in the eighteenth century. To explain and interpret individual works, lengthy posted commentaries introduced each of the three rooms of the show: one each devoted to the eighteenth century, the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, and the current Tut craze.

Piranesi etchings using Egyptian motifs exemplified one phase of the eighteenth-century revival. A painting by Jean-Louis Desprez, *Tomb With Seated Figure of Death,* showed Death enthroned, in the guise of a pharaoh. Lithographs by British painter David Roberts preserved the appearance of Egyptian sites. In several political cartoons satirist James Gilray ridiculed the French appropriation of Egyptian monuments, which was spawned by Napoleon's conquest of that country. A plaster cast of the Rosetta stone stood against one wall. There was even an armchair in the Louis XVI style, regally covered in a satiny material with Egyptian symbols. All these works of art, the literature told us, served to illustrate "the harmonious assimilation of Egyptian forms into sophisticated modern work."

The show continued in the same vein, from the British plundering of Egyptian tombs, which according to the commentary was part of the unquenchable British enthusiasm for technological improvement and often beneficent expansion; through the Romantic travelers and artists like Turner, who found inspiration for his fantasy paintings in Egyptian ruins (his productions were the best part of the exhibition); to twentieth-century American architecture. One series of photographs depicted a particularly intriguing Egyptian motif of a winged sun, symbol of the sun god offering protection, that appeared on buildings across America in the twenties and thirties, each slightly different. Photographs of tombs and cemeteries modeled after the architecture of the Nile occupied almost half a room.

*UP TO THIS TIME, AC-*cording to the commentary, American and European fascination with Egypt resulted in "creative adaptation and cultural productiveness," which in turn became part of Western art-historical tradition. But the third room of the exhibit overflowed with the products of today's Egyptomania. Instead of Turner's dramatic oils, bikini underwear imprinted with the mask of Tutankhamun adorned the walls. Displays of tea canisters, highball glasses, and whiskey decanters decorated with the boy-king's image replaced the compotes of pressed glass. A gold-and-white striped papier-mâché chair sported on its back a hip pharaoh smoking a cigar, quite a switch from the elegant Louis XVI salon chair. And in the background, Steve Martin's hit song "King Tut" droned on and on.

In this room, the exhibition portrayed the Tut phenomenon as a colossal moneymaking media event with no real cultural significance, "a translation of timeless treasure into ephemeral trash."

Certainly, the exhibit's creators—the chairman of the Stanford art department and the assistant director of the museum—made a valid, if pedestrian, point: The age of vulgar commercialism now reigns. But it is always easy to condemn the manners of an era—especially one's own. Apparently the Stanford people had formed their low opinion about popular culture prior to conceiving the exhibit, and then rounded up the appropriate historical evidence to back up their claim. The wall posters at the entrance, telling the visitor what to think, began the process; the obviously slanted show continued it.

Interestingly, their despair at the "ephemeral trash" that emerged from this most recent Tut revival did not keep the authors of the Stanford show from offering for sale, at special reduced prices, various Tut paraphernalia in the gallery bookshop. And there is this to be said for our own time: The art exhibited

to show that earlier cultures "properly" assimilated Egyptian styles derived, after all, from the pillaging of Egypt by Britain and France. The offense of commercialism seems mild by comparison—at least we paid for the loan of the Tutankhamun exhibition.

In its zeal, the Stanford presentation conveniently overlooked much positive reaction to the Tut show. Contrary to the astonishing claim made in the placards, Tut's arrival in America sparked a number of fires. Suddenly, library shelves containing books on that period were empty, and teachers saw interest, and even inspiration, in the eyes of their students. Countless other books, like *The Untold Story* by Thomas Hoving (who was berated for joining with grave robbers "in happy and profitable fusion"), appeared on the market and immediately hit the best-seller lists. Even now, three years after the opening of the show, nearly every week brings another lecture or television special on Egyptian history. Inexpensive reproductions of the untouchable artifacts that comprise the exhibit made Egyptian culture available to ordinary folk, and the paraphernalia helped them find a niche for it in their own popular culture.

The commercial designers of what the Stanford Gallery called "Egyptoid trivia" took familiar objects—aspects of the contemporary scene that in their utility are considered anti-aesthetic—and reproduced on them the most popular Egyptian images. But in doing so (and this the authors of "Tut Tut" failed to

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see), they unintentionally lent a certain unity of style to these impermanent articles, which then ceased to be mugs or tote bags or mere replicas and took on an identity of their own. Quite accidentally, the memorabilia copying Egyptian art have become art itself—a kind of pop art for the masses.

AS POP ART, THESE OBjects do not represent our philosophies or our intellect, our hope for the future or our appreciation of the past. Pop art merely says, this is the world we live in, these are the things that make up our daily lives. Like fashion, the naturally evolving expression of the state of mind of the moment, pop art changes with the seasons. As soon as that first designer put Tutankhamun's mask on the front of a T-shirt, it ceased to be just a shirt; it became mobile art. But eventually, some other face or slogan or symbol will replace the mask, or some other fashion will replace the shirt, to become once again, quite accidentally, a form of art.

Moreover, the Stanford show glossed over the fact that every era that experienced an Egyptian revival also produced more or less "ephemeral trash." One visitor to the Stanford Gallery remarked that, as a child in the forties, he had played with a mummy magnet identical to the one on display there. When Howard Carter first entered King Tut's tomb in 1922, and "everyone went wild," families like the Stanfords commissioned Egyptian-style tombs, but the ordinary public settled for Tut compacts and handkerchiefs instead.

As in earlier times, some of today's Egyptian merchandise will survive. A custom-made 18k gold cartouche recently advertised in the *New Yorker* magazine may find itself one day in a museum display case. Other objects, like the Tuttified book bags, may not last. We can only hope that what does endure will not be held as proof, at the next Egyptian revival, of the quality of our present civilization. Garry Trudeau's "Doonesbury" comic strips, mocking the profiteering that accompanied the Tut show in America—just like James Gilray's eighteenth-century political cartoons—satirized a trait of mankind, not simply of a particular era.

Perhaps today's culture has degenerated, as the Stanford Gallery show argued. But the flood of Egyptian merchandise now inundating the country hardly tells the whole story of today's popular culture, much less of our whole civilization.

FILM

APOCALYPSE NOW, directed by Francis Coppola.

Up a creek

STEPHEN HARVEY

APOCALYPSE NOW HAS BEEN shrouded in a haze of event-mongering for so long that by now it's nearly impossible to look at the film itself with any clarity. Reams of print have chronicled the travails plaguing this production from its outset, while in interview after interview, Francis Coppola has cast himself as the martyred artist assailed by the jealous caprices of the gods. It's as though he expects extra Brownie points (if not a Purple Heart) for the torment he suffered in bringing this epic out of the jungle into the light—the world wired to Francis Coppola's ass in traction.

Even though the film has finally had its belated premiere, the aura of consecration surrounding *Apocalypse Now* still hasn't cleared. Since this is patently too significant a creation to be marred by anything so trivial as title credits, patrons of the 70-millimeter run receive a booklet that includes yet another minidiary of Herculean hassles, plus a statement of artistic purpose by the creator himself. In this preface, Coppola makes it clear that what he had in mind was no mere movie, but a "film experience"—a "monument," in fact, as he phrased it elsewhere. This kind of posturing can be contagious, persuading some to find greatness against all evidence, and others to feel rather sheepish about not warming up to a film as awesome as its director says it is. Yet a campaign like this also raises the stakes to a point where they can scarcely be recouped—and I'm not talking about the inflated budget of this project either. When a director sets out to make a work of genius, weighty intentions even coupled with prodigious movie-making skil don't suffice. A would-be masterpiec requires an urgent personal vision, con veyed to the spectator with the force o revelation—the filmmaker's talent anc intelligence transcending themselves ir the attempt to extract new truths fron the subject at hand. Failing that, wha you're left with is no "film experience' after all, but just another movie saddlec with a lot of flossy affectations.

As far as *Apocalypse Now* is concerned Coppola's freshly minted insight turn out to be that Vietnam was a hallucina tory nightmare—which is merely th most familiar cliché of the seventies particularly dear, it seems, to filmmak ers who never served there. Accom panying this central inspiration are host of other like commonplaces, such a the notion that the agony suffered by ou GIs was the primary tragedy of the war with the Vietnamese once again ar alternately menacing and pathetic blu in the background; and that our greates defect was that we were too tentativ and compassionate to commit ourselve to a plan of utterly merciless annihila tion.

Of course, this film means to addres more than just our sorry past in South east Asia, and theoretically a nove approach could make even the mos threadbare ideas seem profound. Her Vietnam is the allegorical launchin pad for the universal journey in quest c the dark reaches of the human spirit, o so Coppola tells us. The fatal mistak was to try to construct a movie meta phor from the confining symbolic an structural blueprint of High Literature specifically, Conrad's *Heart of Darkness* The challenge of rendering Conrad' elusive, portentous imagery on scree would defeat almost anyone; Orso Welles tried and was thwarted, and in stead made his film debut with *Citize Kane.*

*HERE COPPOLA'S STRUG*gle does a disservice to both Conrad and himself. Concrete images limit the horizons of Conrad's grim vision, and the condensed spoken dialogue trivializes it. Meanwhile, th film is stunted by having been pruned t suit a form imposed by an alien medi um. As a result, *Apocalypse Now* is too

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stilted and schematic to succeed on even the most fundamental level Coppola intended—namely to sustain an atmosphere of escalating horror. After all, how can you surrender to the illusion that you're witnessing a waking cinematic nightmare when the director is so conspicuously present, prompting you to smell disaster looming at every bend of the river?

Apocalypse Now and its hero both start on such an ominous note of frenzy that there's little left to build up to over the next long 140 minutes. We first see Captain Willard (Martin Sheen) photographed in close-up, upside down—an apt bit of spatial disorientation, because it soon turns out that the captain is distinctly nervous in the service; we see him shadowboxing kung fu style, shattering a mirror with his fist and then writhing while smearing blood all over himself. "I wanted a mission and for my sins they gave me one," he intones huskily; his task is to find and infiltrate the jungle domain of one Colonel Kurtz (Marlon Brando), a renegade who has defied the accepted rules of warfare and hence must be "terminated." This is where the disparity begins to set in between the impact on the audience of what is seen and heard, and the devasting effect of it all on the film's characters. To impress upon Willard the lunatic charisma of his quarry, his superiors play him a tape of Kurtz's voice; the colonel relates a nightmare he had of a snail gliding across a razor's edge and surviving. Eccentric and mildly creepy, you think; heavy, think the assembled brass.

According to his instructions, Willard commandeers a boat that will snake upriver into Cambodia towards Kurtz's lair. (Logic indicates that there might be more efficacious modes of transport available to him, but never mind that—the symbolic necessity of this trek upstream toward self-awareness overrides everything.) The hapless crew of said vessel, ignorant of the purpose and destination of the journey, are described colorfully by Willard as "rock-and-rollers with one foot in the grave." They are a racially balanced quartet: two blacks, a rigid and scornful pilot Chief (Albert Hall) and a boogieing teen-aged Mr. Clean (Larry Fishburne); and two whites, a jangle-nerved *saucier* from New Orleans (Frederic Forrest, who gives the movie's most compelling performance) and a blissed-out surfer from California (Sam Bottoms).

As the squad penetrates deeper into the war zone Willard bestirs himself occasionally to bark orders at his querulous crew, but he is essentially passive, in an "I Am A Camera" literary pose, sweating copiously as he stares out at the accumulating horror on both sides of the river. When not thus engaged he pores over the dossier on Kurtz, which redundantly reiterates what he (and we) were already informed of before the journey began: that the colonel is a man of unusual brains and virility who went off the deep end when prevented from fighting the war his way, principally by slaughtering hordes of supposedly seditious Vietnamese.

WILLARD'S RUMINATIONS on the madness of this war and the growing bond he feels for the enigmatic Kurtz are expressed via voice-over narration written for the film by Michael Herr. Not having read Herr's war chronicle, *Dispatches,* I can only assume from the acclaim it received that the book included nothing like Willard's butch-laconic pronunciamentos in *Apocalypse Now*. When Willard tersely reveals that the war is founded on lies, or that Kurtz "could have gone for general—but he went for himself instead," this isn't the voice of truth we're hearing—it's more like a malaria-infected parody of Mickey Spillane.

Fortunately these reveries are punctuated by sudden and often breathtakingly executed sequences of warfare, set pieces that have rather the effect of musical comedy production numbers that distract you momentarily from the dreary plot in which they're mired. The best and, anticlimactically, the first of these is the encounter of Willard and Co. with Lieutenant Colonel Kilgore (Robert Duvall), complete with Confederate cavalry hat; in a grudging bow to technology he has exchanged his noble steed for a helicopter. A strutting, poker-faced warlover who "loves the smell of napalm in the morning" but thrills even more to the clarion cry, "Surf's up," Kilgore is an authentically terrifying figure of black comedy.

With serene images of massed helicopters intercut with swooping target views of the village below waiting to be strafed, the airborne cavalry charge, bugle call and all, is perversely exhilarating stuff. Here Coppola, working in strictly cinematic terms, comes close to conveying the adrenalin-charged appeal that combat holds for many men; then he mars it with the cheap aural overkill of flooding the soundtrack with snippets from "The Ride of the Valkyries."

As they proceed up the river, Willard passes so many signposts of a disintegrating civilization that by the time he and the audience finally get within poison-arrow range of Kurtz's realm, Coppola's tom-tom has been beating crescendo for two solid hours. The direc-

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tor's only apparent recourse at this stage is to pile on the phantasmagoria recklessly, yet the more vehement he gets, the sillier the whole premise becomes.

On arrival, Willard is collared by a stranded photographer turned wild-eyed court jester (Dennis Hopper). Glancing around at a bevy of hanging corpses twisting in the breeze, he babbles that "Sometimes he [Kurtz] goes too far, but he's the first to admit it." As Willard stumbles over paths littered with severed heads, he unburdens himself of the insight that "Everything I saw told me that Kurtz had gone insane"—a remark that deserves the Croix de Guerre for both redundancy and understatement. An imitation Angkor Wat with the film's title scrawled on the walls for no discernible reason, this domain is populated by paint-smeared natives performing pagan sacrifices out of fealty to their willful white god—forget Conrad, this is *Cobra Woman* played straight and big, just as Maria Montez would have done it if *She* had been blessed with Coppola's budget.

THE LAST TWENTY MINutes of *Apocalypse Now* are so deliriously cosmic that only blind faith (of the sort that Kurtz exacts from his subjects) could convince you that there's any exalted truth to be gleaned from Coppola's bloated abstractions. How does Kurtz realize even before meeting him that Willard is both his kindred spirit and the implacable bearer of his destruction? Is there any reason, apart from *Weltschmerz* and the film's need for a symmetrically primed climax, why Kurtz doesn't dispose of Willard the moment he enters this martial Jonestown? Evidently, all that is too mundane to merit an explanation. Instead, Kurtz, Willard, and the photographer exchange leaden epigrams while awaiting catharsis. "You're an errand boy sent to collect the bill," sneers Kurtz to Willard. "The man is clear in his mind but his soul is mad," hisses the cameraman to the captain. "He broke away from them [Kurtz's family], then he broke away from himself. I never saw a man so broken apart," says Willard to himself.

The accompanying images are likewise grave and momentous; Coppola's visual shorthand to convey Kurtz's mystical derangement lies in the transparent device of never letting you get a good look at him. A hand plunges into a bucket of water, then bathes a shaved pate glowing under a spotlight; when the face actually looms during Brando's big monologue, globs of shadow scud across the screen in metronomic measure. On a painfully literal show-and-tell level, to illustrate the stranded photographer's claim that this is a "poet-warrior in the classic sense," Coppola has Brando, encircled in a saffron glow, reading T. S. Eliot in the darkness at us. Considering that Brando's performance (what you can make out of it, anyway) is strictly self-lampoon—all garbled syllables, thought-fraught pauses, and pained eyes tilted upward—perhaps the director's camera coyness was all for the best anyway.

Throughout the making of this film, Coppola professed his intense identification with the character of Captain Willard, inexorably drifting toward his rendezvous with that distorted alter ego hidden somewhere in the Asian jungle. The final sequence gives you a chilling glimpse of what Coppola may have had in mind: As a triumphant Willard stands above Kurtz's cowed zombies, they genuflect, then silently lay down their arms as he passes among them. Campy though the staging of this moment is, there's no denying the emotional charge it carries—the sense of absolute power as a heady narcotic that perverts the judgment unless you walk away when it's thrust upon you. The symbolic connection between these images and Coppola's role as instigator, hero, and victim of this whole filmic enterprise is too obvious to be passed over. With *Apocalypse Now,* Coppola has been intoxicated by the exercise of a kind of power accorded few American directors, particularly on a scale as huge as this—total control over a film universe of his own devising. As with Kurtz, the self-contained fiefdom he constructed is a bamboo cage in disguise—the poet-warrior may think he's spouting words of genius, but the gibberish we hear is just the product of delusions of grandeur with a vengeance. ❑

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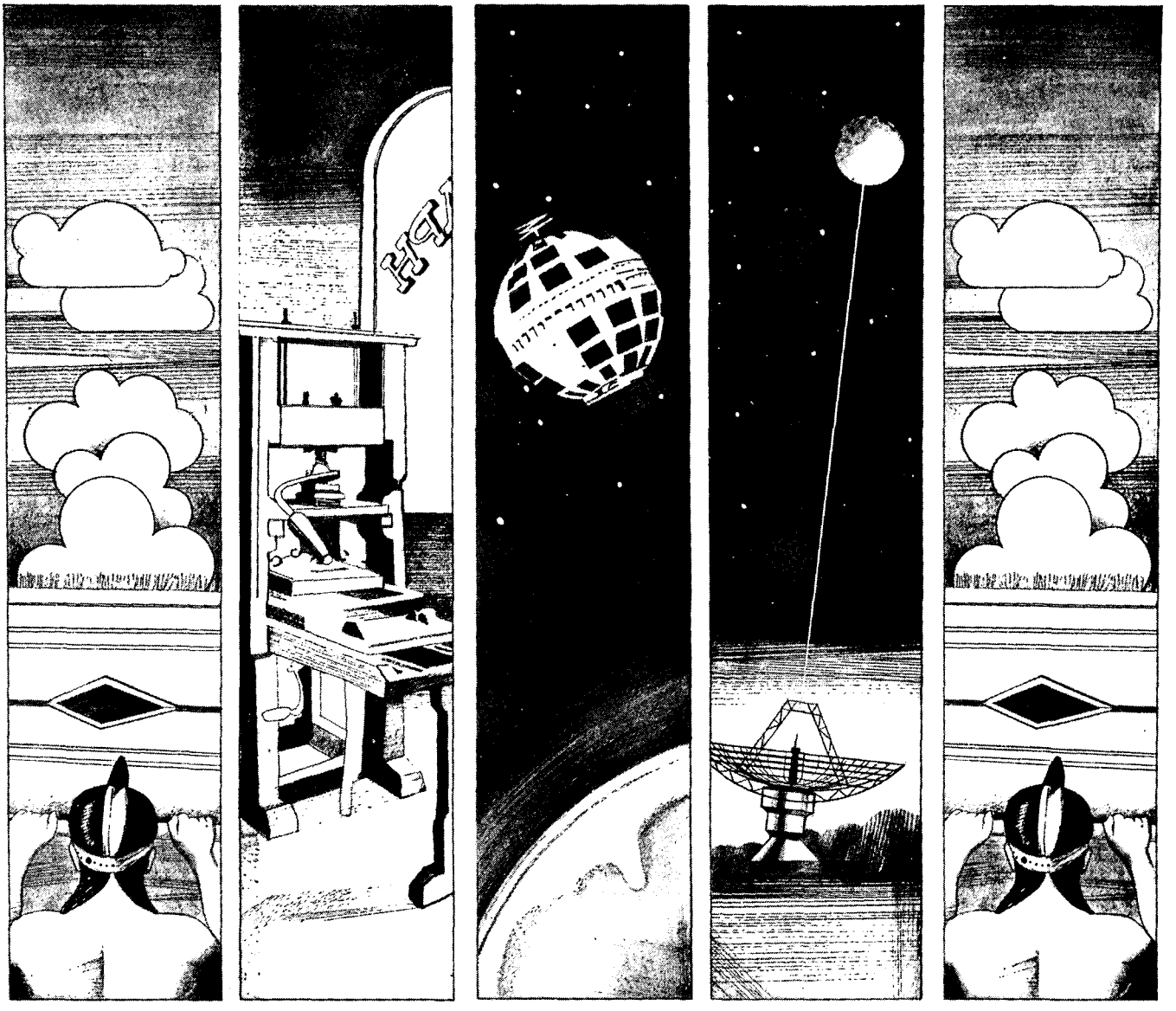

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